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Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE most striking thing about modern fiction is its tendency to run into extremes. Our most popular novelists belong, in general, to one of two classes whose aims and methods are diametrically opposite. Some denying the function of the imagination in fiction, take what is called "every-day life," or "life as they find it," and strive to render the humdrum existence of their characters interesting by the most complete and painstaking exposure of their springs of action. Others rely on the plot for their interest, and seek to atone for their failure to analyze their characters thoroughly by attributing to them the most exalted motives and putting them through a series of the most chivalric adventures. It is rather an ominous fact that the characters which are subjected to microscopic analysis turn out to be mean and contemptible, while those to whom high motives and noble deeds are ascribed are so distorted and poorly drawn that we cannot tell whether or no they have their counterparts in real life.

It is a great relief to turn from the meagre and unsatisfactory view of life presented by these two schools to an author who belongs to neither because she combines the good points of each. Charles Egbert Craddock is not to be classed with our popular writers of romance, because she is as conscientious in collecting and verifying her facts as the most thoroughgoing "realist;" she cannot be denominated a "realist," simply because, in her dissection of motives, she detects the subtle aroma of sentiment and aspiration which, after all, are the true realities. Her view of life is higher, more benignant, and, it seems to us, more truly artistic, than that of her contemporaries in either school of fiction; and while yielding to none in her fidelity to facts, she does not forget that the life of the meanest and most ignorant reaches out into the infinite and unknown.

Each individual, Carlyle tells us, is "but a floating speck in the illimitable ocean of the All, yet in that ocean; * * * partaking of its infinite tendencies; borne this way and that by its deep-swelling tides and grand ocean currents." It is for the great novelist to make us feel these "deep-swelling tides and grand ocean currents" in the life of each humblest man, and to make the common, universal discipline of life as much more interesting than ghosts and giants as truth is stranger than fiction. Craddock seems to us in some measure to fulfill this requirement. She is, at least, in line with the best literary traditions, and the scope and variety of her endowment entitle her to lay claim to be called, in some sense, a legitimate successor of George Eliot and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

When Craddock first rose into prominence as the author of that exquisite volume of short stories, "In the Tennessee Mountains," she had one thing in her favor which few aspiring novelists have possessed. The region in which her scenes were laid was, as far as fiction was concerned, as much an undiscovered country as the heart of Africa, and the dialect and manners of its inhabitants were equally

novel. This undoubtedly had some effect in stimulating a jaded literary appetite, but fails to account for the continued and increasing popularity of stories covering much the same ground. We strongly suspect that the newness and freshness which people saw in them, lay not so much in the novelty of their scenes and characters as in the originality of their author. In reading "In the Tennessee Mountains," we are at once introduced to new methods in the description of scenery. We find that the old stock figures and adjectives are in great part discarded, while new metaphors and new analogies are employed, and new words coined, if necessary, in order that the finest and most elusive aspects of nature may be caught and crystallized. The result is a more adequate and a more poetic representation of nature than we know of anywhere else in fiction. Craddock is at times almost Turner-esque in her richness and profusion of coloring, as when she describes the daily miracles of sunrise and sunset, or tells how the "Indian summer, with its golden haze and its great red sun, its purple distances and its languorous joy, its balsamic perfumes and its vagrant day-dreams, slipped down upon the gorgeous crimson woods, and filled them with its glamour and its poetry."

The peculiarities of the rude and uneducated inhabitants of the mountain districts of Tennessee are portrayed with great vividness, and with a lively humor, but withal with so sympathetic a touch that we never lose sight of their humanity, nor suspect them of being caricatures. They are represented as containing in their narrow and bounded lives all the elements of comedy and tragedy, and there are not wanting some, at least, among them whose motives and actions partake of the sublimity of their surroundings. These short stories formed a most happy introduction to Craddock's more ambitious attempts in fiction, and for liveliness and piquancy of interest have never been excelled by their author.

The discovery that "Charles Egbert Craddock" was a *nom de plume*, and that the writer who had assumed it was in reality a woman, was made soon after the publication of her first novel, "Where the Battle was Fought," and created universal surprise among her readers. It so happened that the book contained a highly exciting and realistic description of a game of poker, whose refinements, it was thought, the feminine intellect was incapable of appreciating. The incident simply furnishes another illustration of the well-established fact that a woman is as little debarred from portraying purely masculine vices as a man is from painting the faults and foibles of womankind. "Where the Battle was Fought" is the most ambitious, and, in some respects, the best, of the three novels which Craddock has yet written. It is by no means a conventional story, but its characters are such as might be met with outside the State of Tennessee, and speak the dialect of the average American citizen. It shows that Craddock's preference for the native mountaineers arises from choice, and not from the limitations of her genius. While a novel of powerful and sustained interest, it is rather overweighted by the introduction of too many personages—a fault of which its author has not been guilty in her two succeeding works. The scene is laid near an old battle-field, whence, ever and anon, borne upon the night wind, is heard the blare of the trumpet, the throb of the drum and the tramp of armed men. The romantic and eyrie associations which cluster around the spot are dwelt upon in almost endless variety of image and simile, and always with powerful effect.

Probably the best known of Craddock's novels, and that upon which her reputation principally rests, is "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains." The character of the "prophet" himself, with his extreme religious sensibility, and his alternating moods of spiritual exaltation and depression, no less than the skill with which he is drawn, suggest a comparison with the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, the

young minister of the "Scarlet Letter." There are few living novelists who would dare attempt such a character, and fewer still who would succeed it making it lifelike and consistent with its surroundings. To say that Craddock has clothed with these qualities a man whose ignorance is as dense as his spiritual insight is keen, is to say that her genius has stood successfully one of the severest tests to which it could be subjected. The thread of beautiful description runs through this as through her other books, and constitutes one of its greatest charms. The changing aspects of mountain and sky are portrayed in ever varying colors—the great "balds," with heads uncovered, as it were, before the majesty of heaven; or the new moon, "in the similitude of a silver boat, sailing down the western skies, off the headlands of Chilhowee." It has been charged that Craddock frequently breaks the force of her dialogue by interrupting it with needless descriptions. It seems to us that, in almost every such case, some change in the natural surroundings is described which would affect the moods, and so the words, of the speakers. A more serious fault, and one which cannot be overlooked, is her tendency to place in the minds of her characters trains of reflection of which they could not possibly be capable. It is to be hoped that this defect will be remedied as she becomes more perfect in her art.

Craddock's latest work, "In the Clouds," has been so recently and so widely noticed that any remarks of ours upon it might be deemed superfluous. We will be pardoned, however, for quoting a single passage to show that her power of description is not confined to natural objects. She is telling of the effect of a newly-built railroad upon the unsophisticated natives; how, in the daytime, the old man hobbles to the door to see the train pass by, and the children salute it from the top of the fence, and a panic-stricken filly kicks up her heels in affright:

"But at night a mystery hangs about it. The reverberations of its foot-steps may sound in the deepest dreams.

Where is the darkness so dense, where is the storm so wild, that it cannot make its way as it lists? * * * The rocks clamor with the wild clangors it has taught them, and the tumultuous, exultant shrieks of its whistle pierces the night. And for a time after it is gone the rails shiver with the thought of it, and the hills cry out again and again with fear."

It would, of course, be premature to attempt to fix, even approximately, Craddock's place in fiction. Suffice it to say that she has shown us new beauties and new analogies in nature, and has pressed closer than others to the discovery of its ever-beckoning, yet ever elusive, secrets; that she has cast the glamour of romance over another region of unstoried America, and has made the life of its simple inhabitants as fascinating as the opalescent mist which hovers about the solemn ridges of the Tennessee mountains.

A Ballade for Poor Poets.

A POET has wealth that's enough for a King,
 His Realm is as wide as his Fancy can fly,
 His Treasure far more than a Kingdom can bring.
 With a Heart in his Breast that has ne'er known a Sigh,
 And a downy round Cheek and a merry blue Eye,
 With no One to envy and no One to fear,
 But hearty "Good morrow" to each Passer-by,
 A Poet is richer by far than a Peer.

His Coat may be ragged—a tattered old Thing,
 Which pawn-broking Jacob for sixpence could buy;
 His Shoes may be such as a Cobbler would fling
 To a bare-footed Beggar and bid him to hie
 To the Gallows on Tyburn,—his Hat be the Sky;
 His Purse may be empty—stay so for a Year,
 And yet if you tell him he's poor he'll reply,
 "A Poet is richer by far than a Peer."

When Daffodils ope at the first breath o' Spring,
 They tell him the Secrets that all Winter lie
 Deep down in their gold-yellow Hearts; in the swing
 Of a Blue-bell there's Greeting, though bashful and shy,
 And to kiss him, some say, the Thorn-blossoms try;
 And Birds sing their Carols right into his Ear,
 You say my Lord Croesus has Millions—Oh, fie!
 A Poet is richer by far than a Peer.

L'ENVOY.

So Poet when tempted to mournfully cry,
 Thy Woes against Fate and to pull a long Cheer,
 Stop first and consider the Reasons well why
 A Poet is richer by far than a Peer.

The Unaccountable Absence of Mr. Roderick Inne.

WE WERE on a holiday trip—*ego et meus rex*—that is my friend King and myself, though a casual observer might have had some difficulty in discovering any traces of the holiday humor with which we started—I say *might* because I am a cautious narrator, and though to the best of my knowledge we encountered no casual observer whatever, I wish to cover all the possibilities of the case. It was one of those occasions when one treasures up with a sort of incredulous satisfaction the memory that he was once too hot, for we were experiencing all that is implied in a ten-mile sleigh-ride in midwinter, and at nightfall, through the heart of the New England mountains—not that we complained, indeed we were conspicuously silent, for as King afterwards very feelingly remarked, the scenery was enough to absorb anyone's attention, and I only mention the matter now to explain the situation, for we were on our way to spend the holidays with our mutually best friend, Roderick Inne, the jolliest, best natured, and, strange to say, most

absent-minded man I ever knew. His home lay in the midst of the loveliest scenery of our northern hills, and many a blissful summering I'd had there. But irrespective of its surroundings it was one of the most ideal households in the world—a lovely wife, a brace of sturdy little boys, a genial atmosphere of hospitality and good cheer that was all its own, made a home life that would have charmed the most cynical and the mere recollection of which has often comforted my loneliest hours.

Cold as it was we had anticipated a novel pleasure in the long sleigh-ride through the mountains, whose winter glories Roderick had so often praised to us with pressing invitations to come and see for ourselves, that finally King and myself had determined to risk it, and, providing ourselves with an unlimited amount of wraps, had started northward. But our ardor was considerably abated when we found ourselves so much delayed that twilight had fallen ere we left the cars, and then we further found that Roderick had failed to meet us in person as he had intended, but, with his usual large-heartedness, had stopped off on the road to see an invalid pensioner, and had given directions to his driver to meet us and stop for him on the way back. As there was some little delay in starting we did not finally leave the station until quite dark. The moon was rising, however, we were told, and would soon be up among the trees. With this much of consolation we adjusted our wraps and faced the chill night air as best we could.

On and on we sped, up hill and down, raising little swirls of finely powdered snow that spangled us from head to foot with a fairy fret-work, and, settling gently in our rear, swam in the moonlight like a frozen cloud; and I would feel constrained to give here more than a passing word of admiration to the peerless landscape rising on all sides and far above me, were not my impressions of it as vague as the outlines of the road ahead as one by one they neared and passed. But, though I was dimly conscious that I was

traveling through fairyland—without remembering that fairies, as a rule, choose more salubrious climes—I was less interested in analyzing the quickly shifting scene before me, grand and harmonious as its outlines were, than in watching for the friendly beacon which was to indicate the end of our first stage, and this I had almost given up in despair when my patience was rewarded, not by the welcome sight of a far-off glimmer, but by our unexpectedly drawing up before a low, gloomy building close to the road, but thrown into such complete shadow by the sudden narrowing of the defile and so ill-lighted within by a few tallow dips, that I had been wholly unaware of its neighborhood, and it gave me quite an eerie feeling to be so suddenly confronted with the dim outlines of a house which seemed to spring into being before my eyes out of the very substance of the shade.

“Is this the place?” I asked, with an involuntary start.

“This was the place, sir,” said our driver, as I got out and perceived for the first time the dim light at the further end. I made my way over a heavily trampled path toward the part that gave indications of life, noticing as I went that the house was double, placed endwise to the road, and in an almost ruinous state—at least that part which was next the turnpike—with loosely-boarded windows and nailed-up doors, covered with moss and lichens without, and apparently the home of bats within. On reaching the further end, I knocked at a door which seemed to open upon the lighter interior, and met with rather a curt welcome,—first a shuffling as of loose slippers with worn-down heels, and then the door opened only wide enough to show me a tall, angular slattern of a woman, who jerked out inconsequently enough, “Mist’ Ihne be gone home,” and offered to shut the door in my face, but I managed to get my foot in the crack, and kept it ajar while I said, “One moment, my good woman; I *am* looking for Mr. Ihne, but, pray, who told you

so? I was to meet him here, positively, and it's not likely that he would go off and leave me."

"He be gone home, as I say," was the sullen response, while from the remote interior I heard a deep bass voice ejaculate, with an oath, "Shet that door, will ye, an' hold y'r blame jawin'; if I wasn't lame I'd larn ye."

"Stap y'r mouth," was the ready reply of my lanky portress, but, taking advantage of the withdrawal of my foot, she proceeded to carry out her orders by vigorously slamming the door in my face and barring it noisily. Here was a pretty pass. I had counted on warming my fingers and toes by the roaring fire of at least a hospitable half-way house, and there meeting my too complaisant host,—complaisant, indeed, to have such barbarian pensioners!—and how to understand his going home, full five miles through a gloomy mountain pass, alone and on foot, I could not begin to see. Nor were my companions less mystified. King was too cold and sleepy to comprehend much, and probably cared less, but our worthy driver looked as dubious as only an Irishman can, and though he drove on as briskly as before, he seemed to enter a non-committal mental protest against every step. He continued, with added fluency, however, the course of his remarks with which he had been previously entertaining us, but to which, to tell the truth, I had hitherto paid little attention. His conversation now, however, took on a more sanguine hue, and I could not help noticing at the time how nearly he touched the tenor of my own reflections, and, in spite of myself, found my interest enchained by his extravagant tales, for he was rehearsing the legends of the place, half superstitious and half bloody, for which, indeed, there was some foundation in fact, for in less settled days highway robbery and even bloodshed had not been uncommon on that lonely road. Nor could I imagine a likelier place for such an undertaking than the landmark known as the "Boulderstone," a huge rock which some storm, before the memory of man, had dislodged from

its lofty perch upon the mountain-side, and hurried to the bottom of the narrow pass, spreading a wide ruin directly in the pathway of the road, which afterwards dug its way through in a semi-circle close to the base of the great stone, without attempting to remove it. This spot, bristling with thick undergrowth of evergreen, and thrown into pitchy darkness by the shadow of the stone itself, was pointed out by our driver with much local pride, and yet a cautious lowering of the voice as the scene of many a bold attempt on the purse and pocket of timid wayfarers, and though he hinted darkly at death and murder, from after-consideration I am inclined to believe that the great stone got its sanguinary reputation from a distressing accident which it occasioned at the time of the land-slide, when it overwhelmed a veteran forester almost within sight of his home. A few dark, irregular stains upon its surface might have lent a more realistic coloring to many of the wild tales which were afterwards connected with it.

At the passage of this spot my mind forcibly reverted to the half-way house and its singular inhabitants. "Who are these people?" I said, turning to the driver, whom I shall provisionally call Pat.

"The Van Dorns' y'r honor?"

"Yes, if that's where we stopped. Are they bad characters?"

"Well, sir, they's some as think they be, an' some as think they bean't—leastways since Dirk's back from the penitentiary."

"And who is Dirk, and why should a returned convict contribute to his family's respectability?"

"Dirk's old man Van Dorn's nevvv, an' seein' as he was pretty well know hereabouts, folks be a bit afeared of him."

"So," I said, relapsing into thoughtful silence; but I was soon aroused, by the behavior of the horses, to the fact that we were nearing our journey's end, and I began to watch with interest the proud carriage of the spirited brutes as

they sniffed in with every breath the air of home. We must have made a fine appearance as we topped the last knoll and sweeping round the broad curve of the driveway brought up with a flourish at the door, but we were too intent on getting inside to the warm greetings that awaited us to mind appearances—and when in, what a cheering sight we saw! The long, low-ceiled hall was fairly in a blaze of light and warmth from the hugest fire I had ever seen, the great logs yielding up their imprisoned sunlight of two generations with a roaring joyousness that seemed to appreciate that this was the supreme moment of their lives.

But the point of interest for us was in the group which stood in the center of the hall to welcome us. Mrs. Ihne, without being called a beauty, always got more than beauty's share of homage; men did not stop to analyze her—though women tried to and failed—one did not think of ascertaining whether the *piquante* or picturesque predominated, it was enough that she was Mrs. Ihne. She was dressed in a gown whose beauties I won't attempt to describe, not being good on skirts; but I know that this one was most famously set off by two roguish little heads, one sticking out on either side and looking half inclined to beat a retreat even from the stronghold of their mother's dress and half desirous to break ambush and make for the enemy—King being the enemy and always a prime favorite after the ice was broken. Our welcome was warm and cordial, as it always was, and put in Mrs. Ihne's own charming way. But there was one element lacking, and all seemed to feel it at the same moment; we missed the great strong grasp and hearty voice that seemed to be just made for that hospitable house, and "Where is Roderick?" was the simultaneous query of both mistress and guests.

"What! Isn't he here?" asked we.

"Why, didn't he come with you?" asked she; "he was to have met you at Van Dorn's."

"Yes, I know, but they told us that he had walked home," I replied.

"That's just like him, and yet— I wonder if he could have strayed off?" she added with a shade of apprehension.

A sudden and worse suspicion shot through my heart, and fearing lest I might betray it in my looks I ran to where I had thrown off my overcoat and began putting it on. Mrs. Ihne saw my intention, and turning to a servant who was passing through the hall, gave hurried orders for the horses to be brought around again at once, and running up stairs herself speedily came back warmly dressed for a night's sleighing. I was determined that she shouldn't do anything of the sort, and said so, and warmly protested in the very teeth of my conscience that I didn't think anything had gone wrong; "and besides," I added, "if anything has happened, this is the place for you." I think Mrs. Ihne had set her heart on going. She was not one of those women that run around warming sheets and collecting restoratives and scraping lint, wringing their hands between times. She wanted to go and do something, but she gave in without a word when she saw that she had to, and very soon she helped tuck King and myself once more into the sleigh, and we were off.

I dislike the memory of that night's expedition, and it is needless to dwell upon it, for it was fruitless; not a trace did we find; only added suspicions and new fears. My first thought was that Roderick might have wandered off among the woods, and the far-off howling of a wolf, borne to me at intervals, made my flesh creep; but it was not likely that such a mountaineer would lose his bearings, and worse suspicions began to float through my mind, induced, no doubt, by the stories I had so lately heard concerning the character of the neighborhood. From the first we had examined the road on both sides with great care, especially the thickets near the Boulderstone, but without a trace, and the bottom seemed to have fallen out my second theory

too when we halted before the dismal outlines of the half-way house. We finally succeeded in arousing the uncouth family—for they were all abed—but we got little satisfaction, for a great shaggy head was thrust out of a window above us, and the information vouchsafed did not tend to soothe any suspicions I might have entertained of my interlocutor, who was Dirk Van Dorn himself. "Mr. Ihne had left the house, saying that he was going to the station to meet his friends; the old woman had told just the opposite story, had she? Well, he didn't care what the old woman had said; what he knew, he knew; and what Mr. Ihne said he said, and that's all there was about it. Was he Dirk Van Dorn? he guessed he was; and was that all he had to say? yes, he reckoned that was about it." We went away feeling pretty dubious, the more so when we arrived at the station, after examining the entire road as before, and yet found neither trace nor tidings of our friend. We were nonplussed, but all the more suspicious, and as we drove back I turned over so many conflicting theories in my head—in all of which, however, the half-way house figured—that I sank into a sort of a stupor, and was all too soon aroused to the necessity of action by our stopping at the door which had so lately welcomed us. I did not want to go in. I could not bear to return in that way, and shoving King out of the sleigh, I told him to go in and make the best of it. "I'm going to the stable," I said; "you know I must see to organizing a search party." Scarcely had I got the words out of my mouth, however, when the front doors burst open, and there stood Mrs. Ihne upon the threshold, in a flood of rich, warm light that seemed to spring from her almost, and she smiled, and we knew in a minute that it was all right.

"He is here?" cried King.

"Yes, all safe and sound," she said, with a happy laugh; "but come in out of the cold; and you haven't had a bite to eat!" she added, in a tone which I knew meant days of clover for us in the future.

"That we haven't, and it's near midnight," I said, glancing at the old hall clock as I entered; "but where is he?"

"Well, if you can control that appetite of yours for a minute I will show you," she said, and led the way up-stairs to Roderick's room, without vouchsafing further explanation, "for I know no more than you do," she said. She opened his door gently, and shading her candle with her hand, went softly to the bedside, where, as I live, lay Roderick Ihne, sound asleep.

"How did he get there?" I gasped.

"I don't know," she answered with a laugh. "I came up here to see to the warming of his bed not more than ten minutes after you left, and found him just as you see. I couldn't bear to wake him," she added, looking a trifle foolish, "he looked so sweet and comfortable, and, besides, I don't believe he could shed any light on the matter."

The whole thing struck me as very funny, and when I'm tickled, I laugh, and when I laugh people generally wake up. "Hum!" remarked Roderick, slowly raising himself on one elbow and staring at us confusedly; "is it breakfast? I am hungry. Why," he exclaimed, "it's the boys!" and we passed mutual congratulations, while we assisted him to put on a less informal costume. Mrs. Ihne had discreetly vanished, but she soon re-appeared, followed by John bearing a large tray loaded down with lordly fare, whose odors appealed to every sentiment of manhood in my breast.

"You are all to have your supper in here," she said, "and we won't ask any questions, Roderick, until after the tenth bite."

Well, we ate the ten bites, and then Roderick tried to account for himself, but I think that I had better give the verdict that we reached after several days' mature deliberation. Dirk's story, as far as it went, was quite true. Roderick had left the house before we arrived, and had walked toward the station to anticipate our meeting; all of which would have been very well had it not in an evil hour oc-

curred to him that he would like a smoke, and so, as the wind was blowing strongly in his face he turned back towards it and lit his cigar. He then meditatively continued his course, *without*, however, thinking of turning around again, and so finally brought up, of course, at his own door. Seeing nothing unusual in that, he marched contemplatively through the hall and up stairs, as ill-luck would have it, seen of no one, and when in his own room he proceeded to take off his wet boots. It happened that the upper housemaid had turned down his bedspread unusually early that evening, because she was wanted down-stairs in the kitchen, where all, even to Mrs. Ihne, were engaged upon the grand supper that was to have been. So Roderick, seeing his bed ready and the light turned down and his boots off, naturally concluded that it was bedtime, and so without more ado he turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

Since that day I have always had a soft corner in my heart for Dirk Van Dorn, and never have I felt a misgiving, though under his efficient guidance I've had many a tramp through gloomier defiles than that of the Bowlderstone.

To Rosita.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

YOU do not wish to love, coquette?
Oh, yes, I know 'tis sad in spring.
Listen! the birds are singing yet,
Within the grove's sweet shade they sing.

Nothing remains of Eve but love;
Love is beauty, and love alone.
Bright and blue is the sky above,
Darkness comes when the sun goes down.

Care and sorrow the years will bring,
Age without love is ever so.
Love forever, the birds still sing;
This is the only song they know.

The Modern German Drama.

THE Augustan age of German dramatic literature begins in the early part of the eighteenth century, and terminates with Goethe's death, in the year 1832. There had been some dramatists prior to this, but their work had been of such inferior quality that it had made little or no impression on German thought. But with the dawn of the eighteenth century such dramatic genius appeared that no one could doubt that at last Germany was to have a drama of her own. She had been permeated with French literature. Opposition to the Gallic invasion was unavailing. Gleim opposed it, Klopstock opposed it. But native genius gave way to the foreign influence, and Germany for almost half a century had to take her canons of literary taste from France. With the birth of Lessing a new era was ushered in, and Germany threw off her thralldom forever. In the seventeenth century the literary history of Germany is a desert; the annals of scarcely any other modern nation show such a long period of barrenness. The times were unsettled, and the confusion and dismay spread to the literary world. The "Thirty Years' War" had not been without its effect on society. Politics were still seething and boiling. Philosophic speculation was at its zenith, and atheism was rampant. The school of Voltaire was large, and it joined battle with Christianity, as with a foeman worthy of its steel. The struggle was long and fierce. On one side was arrayed scientific skepticism, on the other the belief in Him who came to save mankind. Men ceased to put implicit and unquestioning trust in the faith of their fathers, and demanded that investigation should penetrate everywhere. In the words of Lessing, "Religion is not a thing which a man should accept in simple faith and obedience from his parents." It must be developed through the experience of the individual soul. The "Faustiad" was simply an ex-

pression of the struggle going on in men's minds. The nobler part of man's nature was striving with the baser. Reason was battling with passion. Faith was struggling with unbelief. Such were the times in which the drama of Germany blossomed into perfection; such was the age which gave us Lessing, Schiller and Goethe.

England developed her drama at an early date. The seeds had not been long in the soil ere they sprang up and yielded an abundant harvest. Of course the early history of her drama reveals to us the rudeness and roughness of her comedy and tragedy. Yet the true conception was there, and it needed but the breath of genius to fan the spark into a living flame. The growth was rapid and sure, and never ceased until it gave us that king of all dramatists, Shakespeare.

Germany, on the other hand, developed her drama late and embraced it, the child of her old age, with all the affection of a mother who had lost hope of offspring.

Thus did the two dramas differ in their growth; the one slow and struggling against a cavilling and skeptical age, the other rapid and received on all sides with open arms by a people just beginning to think and just emerging from a barbaric state.

Great men never come upon an age entirely unprepared to receive them. Secret influences were already at work in Germany. There was already a large class of receptive minds capable of sustaining a new and creative genius. But they had a battle to fight. The way to a larger liberty was almost closed. At last they won, and Germany of to-day has to thank the courage and bravery of these men for her literature.

The first man who found a way out of the wilderness was Lessing. As a creative intellect in the dramatic world, in which Goethe and Schiller stand pre-eminently forth, Lessing does not attain the highest rank, but he may justly be placed among the first of the second. In one of his early

letters to his father, he says: "If I could become the German Moliere, I should gain an immortal name." He did more than this, he became the German Lessing. As a revolutionary power, as a shaping and organizing force, he has scarcely his equal in history. Well may he claim the honor of having been the regenerator of German literature—"of having inaugurated its Angustan age"—that age which was made illustrious by Lessing himself, by Herder, Schiller and Goethe. That stilted, cramped and artificial French style which so restrained and dwarfed German literature prior to his time, gave way beneath his powerful criticisms. He was a bold and fearless innovator, "such a one as born fifty years later, would have taken the lead in the disenthralment of Germany." He emancipated German literature once and forever from the thralldom of French taste, against which Gellert and Klopstock had striven in vain. He is rightly named the second Luther—his country's deliverer intellectually as Luther was spiritually. In fact the modern native literature of Germany dates from him. Every educated man is supposed to know something of Schiller and Goethe, but probably few have anything like an adequate idea of the character and labors of Lessing. Yet Schiller and Goethe built upon the foundations which he had laid. Gervinus calls him "*der Grosse Wegweiser der Nation*"—the great finger-post pointing in every direction and guiding such men as Herder, Schiller, Goethe, and even Frederick Schlegel into the right way.

When a traveler visits pretty, quiet Weimar, "the Athens on the Ilm," once a republic of letters ruled by two great kings, a group of statuary, representing the two poet princes holding a wreath between them, is pointed out to him. Each seems desirous that the other should have it, but neither is willing to take it for himself. The contemporary authors and critics of the two great poets were divided in their allegiance, some following Goethe as their master, others Schiller. And even now, when the priority has been

awarded to the former by the critics of the highest culture, if it were to be decided on grounds of personal preference and popularity Schiller would probably be the choice of the plebiscite. The popular writer is the easily understood and sagacious Schiller, rather than the profound and abstruse Goethe. When Goethe heard comparisons between himself and his more popular rival, he said that Germany ought rather to be proud in possessing two such poets. Schiller's words were: "*Gegen Goethe bin und bleib ich ein poetischer Lump.*" According to Gutzkow, "Schiller represents humanity in the gross; Goethe in the individual. Goethe is exalting; Schiller tender and affecting. Schiller unrolls a large picture of the dramatic action and realization of a subject, whilst Goethe exhibits, merely as groups, its prominent points, with hints for their treatment." Carlyle has said that readers until they are twenty-five years of age usually prefer Schiller, but after that time Goethe. The one underlying principle which animated all of Schiller's writings was his intense love of liberty. We are always conscious of it, and can trace it in all his plays, from "*Die Räuber*, where its form is unbridled and unrestrained, to "*Wilhelm Tell*," where we find it in its true and refined character. In carefully studying Schiller's life and works with a view of determining his position in German literature, we are at once struck by a discrepancy between his fame and his achievements. With all his admirable qualities—and they were many—we cannot place him higher than the second rank of the world's poets—the rank which includes Virgil and Tasso, Corneille and Spenser. But in popular estimation, not only in the "Fatherland," but throughout the educated world he is certainly in the first. His fame has always been augmented by the sympathy with which his life was surrounded; his rank as a poet has been increased by the interest felt for him.

When we come to speak of Goethe, the central figure of this great age of German literature, a feeling of awe steals

over us. There he stands alone on the summit of the German Parnassus—stands revealed to us as belonging to the first rank of poets—the rank which includes Homer, Dante and Shakespeare. His career is one of unbroken and steady progress, until in "*Faust*" he reaches the acme of his literary labors. His life was peaceful, and as it flowed along in calm serenity, he was surrounded by all the advantages wealth could give. He was not only a marvelous child, but he enjoyed marvelous advantages. His parents were persons of wealth, education, and of high social position, and procured for him the best teachers. At eight he was able to write in German, French, Italian, Greek and Latin, and before he was twelve he had partly written a romance. At a time when other boys were struggling with Greek and Latin, he had already secured a firm basis upon which his future work was to rest. Undoubtedly he had a wonderful natural genius, but yet, like Milton, he materially aided it by his hard and universal study. The word "many-sided," which the Germans apply to him, is perhaps the most adequate one to describe his character and life. In common with Shakspeare, he had great power in using his acquired knowledge in the service of his poetry. He differed from Shakespeare in his universality. Goethe is universal in his range of intellectual capacity and in his culture; Shakespeare in his ability to portray the distinguishing traits of all men. You may find an Iago, a Desdemona, a Shylock or a Hamlet in any land or under any clime, but Goethe's characters, for the most part, thrive only on German soil. To speak of Goethe and not to mention "*Faust*," would almost be an anomaly, so closely is it bound up with his whole life. It was a product of his entire experience; begun in his youth, it lay on his mind for years, ripening and maturing, until in 1831, when its full time had come, it was given to the world. It never will grow old in the sense of being old-fashioned, nor will its value diminish. The more it is studied, the wider and further it spreads its intellectual

horizon, until we are lost in amazement, and can scarcely believe that it was not written by an inspired pen. This work is but a sum total of "Klopstock's enrichment of the language, Wieland's grace, Herder's universality and Schiller's glory of rhythm and rhetoric."

The German drama has become classic. But to be classic is to be taken out of the reach of the many and to be confined to the few. The gap must be filled. In its place the popular mind seizes hold of something which touches more closely the great heart of humanity. Thus has Wagner, playing upon the chords of patriotism, aroused Germany by his variations of the "Niebelungenlied."

A Triolet.

THE winter is dead
 And the spring is awaking;
 Up over my head,
 (Now that winter is dead)
 Skies dark as lead
 In sunshine are breaking;
 The winter is dead
 And the spring is awaking.

The History of Malcolm Johnson's Love Affair.

SAMMY FORBES, was what the early settlers in Gram-pian county called a "land-crazy," by which those honest people meant that Mr. Forbes had a mania for land. This more progressive generation, which calls a spade anything but a spade, would probably have designated the avaricious old gentleman as a "geomaniac," or some such thing, and shown a corresponding tendency to condone his short-

comings. But Grampian people were Scotch Presbyterians, and were not to be imposed upon by high-sounding names, but called a spade a spade. Mr. Forbes' methods of gratifying his peculiar taste for real estate were hardly consistent with a healthy condition of his moral nature. But Sammy (we will give him the name he was commonly known by), if he knew that he possessed a moral self, which I doubt much, didn't regard it as of very much importance, but pursued the even tenor of his way, utterly oblivious of its claims. Every day, seated upon his old gray horse, he would ride over his possessions communing with himself in somewhat the following manner:

"Ain hunnerd an' saixty aacres, ain hunnerd an' saixty; the wee bit i' the corner there o' Widdy Plummer's, 'll mak' it a hunnerd an' seventy."

Thereupon, having assured himself that there was no one within seeing distance, he would draw forth from somewhere beneath his old blue coat something that much resembled a hatchet, and proceed to "blaze" a new corner on Widow Plummer's domain. So he would go on extending his possessions, stealing where there was any possibility of escaping undetected, and buying where stealing was impracticable, until he acquired almost all the land in his neighborhood.

But by and by his little excursions became less frequent, until, finally, they ceased altogether; for the old gentleman was confined to his bed, sick unto death. At last, despite the tender ministrations of his daughter Jean and his sister Barbara, Sammy had to face the inevitable. The prospect of descending into the Dark Valley to

"Hob and nob with Brother Death,"

was by no means cheering, especially since the idea of retributive justice, so long dormant in the old man's mind, had begun to assert itself most vigorously. He had to do

it, however, and made a grace of necessity, so that his taking off was most decorous, from a worldly standpoint.

Thus did Sammy Forbes' vast landed possessions shrink into a rectangular hole seven feet by three, and swampy ground at that. So like that other rich man, he died and was buried.

The one who was, perhaps, least affected by his demise (as the papers called it) was Mr. Malcolm Johnson. This young gentleman had been guilty of no less presumption than that of falling in love with Jeanette Forbes. He was as poor as Lazarus—"hadn't ground enough to bury him in, or money enough to buy a suit of grave-clothes," was what Sammy used to say of him; but that was putting it rather strongly; the fact of Malcolm loving his daughter would sufficiently account for the old man's odium. It was quite evident to a careful observer that Jean didn't dislike the young man, for on moonlight nights she used to go to "singing" at Malcolm's school, and everybody knew that the teacher "saw her home;" that is, within a respectful distance from the house. But the irate father had found it out through some unfriendly gossip, and had put his veto on Jean's efforts to become a *prima donna*.

In fact, when Malcolm heard of old Forbes' demise, being all alone in his school-room (it was at the time of the noon recess, and all his pupils were out in the play ground),—being all alone, I say, he was so indecorous as to execute with great vigor a "Highland fling," and he wound it up with the shockingly irreverent expression, "Durned old cuss; he's got his deserts at last." Fortunately Deacon Johnson didn't hear of it, and Mr. Johnson escaped the disgrace of being publicly reprimanded by the session. At the funeral, however, he was decorum itself.

Now Malcolm thought that all that he and Jean had to do was to make preparations for the wedding, but Jean's aunt thought differently. "Alas! the course of true love never did run smooth." But I am anticipating.

As I said before, Sammy was buried; and to show the deep respect which his sister had for his memory, she erected over his last resting place a monument emblazoned with shining virtues, not a single one of which her brother had ever come within a mile of. So Sammy dead was even greater than Sammy living. This tribute, sacred to the memory of the dear departed, crowned the hill-top with its its heaven-pointed spire, which ill-natured neighbors said was nearer heaven than ever Sammy Forbes would get. But be that as it may, Malcolm Johnson loved the sight of it far better than that of the old gray horse, and Sammy under the white shaft was a far better Sammy for him than the one he had been accustomed to see.

The day had been set for his marriage with Jean, and everything was "turning out happily," as the stories say.

One night as he passed along the road on a return trip from Forbes' the well-known landmark was missing from its place. As he drew nearer he could descry it there lying at full length in the pallid moonlight.

Malcolm, leaning his arm upon the top of the fence, stopped and looked at it awhile, and then passed on. "I will tell Jean about it to-morrow, and we will have it fixed," was his mental comment, as he whistled along. Accordingly the next evening, as he sat talking to Jean, he suddenly fetched a deep sigh and asked her if she knew that the monument had fallen down. "There's a man down at Glasgow who will set it up," he said. A look of pain darted across the girl's face, and she glanced apprehensively at her aunt, who sat by the fireplace knitting. But that dignified lady had either not heard, or pretended not to hear. Malcolm attributed the expression to the memory of her recent grief, and changed the subject. After a few words of parting, which it would be cruel to set down in black and white, and something else which could not be so set down, but which nevertheless kept Malcolm from whistling all the way home, the lover left. Jean watched him till his dark shadow was

swallowed up in the night, and then returned to her aunt. Speaking more to the fire than to her niece, the worthy lady began :

"Gi'en a body gaes contrair' to their ain faither's wishes they'll bide the consequences" (Aunt Barbara always employed her native Scotch when she was angry). Jean said nothing. This seemed to provoke the old lady all the more, and she broke out, this time facing about a looking her niece full in the face, "Ye air a glaiked daft wicked bairn, so ye air. Gi'en I was yer mither 'stid o' yer auld auntie I'd tak ye ower me knee. Ye'r gaen' yer ain gait, and makin' yer gude faither what's daid and buried turn ower in 's grave. Nothing 'll sair ye (*satisfy you*) but the verra ain yer faither an the gude Providence o' the Lord forbid ye to keep company 'ith. Tha's what the munniment means wi' its ower muckle trimblin' like, an' shakin' itsel' down."

The knitting needles clicked with spiteful intensity in the silence which followed this outburst. Jean couldn't endure it any longer; she arose, lighted her candle and went to bed.

The next day the man from Glasgow came up, and the monument stood forth in all its pristine splendor ready for Sammy to turn over again.

Malcolm's visits didn't grow fewer. Quite the opposite. But Jean seemed distraught; she would laugh at his witty remarks, seem interested in his stories, but as often as her face settled to repose there came over it the same sad expression.

"What's the matter, Jean, dear?" he would say.

"Oh, nothing," and with the answer she would try to look happy and contented.

Once his question elicited the answer "Father," and it seemed but natural that she should be grieving for him.

There came a week of wet weather, but it didn't dampen the lover's ardor in the least. One night as he was ploughing his way home through the mud, not minding a bit the

driving rain which dashed in his face, he missed the white shaft of the monument. It had fallen down again, and this last fall was worse than the first. The thing was now nothing more than a heap of ruins.

"They ought to have buried him in more solid ground; nothing can stand up a week in that spouty soil," he remarked. "But I can hardly say anything about it." Then with a careless indifference he added, "It's none of my business."

However, the next time he saw Jean, which was no later than the next day, he told her of the affair in an off-hand manner.

Jean said nothing. It seemed as if she had expected it. Her aunt, however, didn't conceal her emotion so well. She looked up suddenly with a flash in her eyes. "That's the second time, an' it bodes no good to us," she said.

"Why, I hope you are not superstitious, Miss Forbes," Malcolm replied.

"I'm a Scotchwoman, Mr. Johnson, and go to the kirk every Sabbath. The minister tells me that Providence sends us warnings.

Malcolm laughed and rose to go.

After the "good-nights" had been said Jean came back to where her aunt sat, well knowing what was coming, but resolved to face the danger.

"Ye need na' tell the likes o' me that sperrits dinna ken the gaen's and coomin's o' them that's here abuve the sod. The munnimint's down again, ye see, and muckle waur this time tha' the first."

"Well, we have to put up a new one," Jean answered, somewhat sharply.

"Hoot's lassie, ye talk as i' ilka stane by the roadside were a munniment o' marble. Were 't sae, muckle gude would it do to be settin' thim abuve yer daddy's grave, with yer carryin's on." She darted a keen look at her niece.

"What are my carryings on, auntie?" replied Jean, turning about and looking her aunt full in the face.

Brought thus to bay, the old lady couldn't produce any more serious charge against her niece than "keeping company" with Malcolm Johnson, whom she, as everybody else who knew him must acknowledge, was an honest young man. So, disdaining the question, she warned Jean that "she s'udna' marry Malcolm Johnson sae lang as she was alive," and that "she did'na want him spierin (*asking*) aroun' here any mair, 'Is Miss Jean tae haeme?'"

Such a persecution as this would reduce to submission many a girl more obstinate than Jean. She looked upon her aunt as a sort of a mother, and hence gave her a daughter's obedience. So Malcolm got his congé.

It was hard, bitterly hard, and he was deeply angered with what he called her lack of faith in him, and charged her with fickleness, and with never having loved him at all, and many other such terrible things, until poor Jean fled into the house (all this happened at the front gate) with the Parthian shaft, "I don't believe I ever did care anything for you, Malcolm Johnson," which was, of course, a falsehood, as she found to her sorrow not many hours afterward.

Here was a pretty state of affairs. Poor Malcolm went through his task as usual, but the days seemed years, and the urchins which he had to teach very imps of Satan; one poor, sympathetic little girl who asked him what was the matter, and volunteered her services on the spot, he called a bold-faced little thing, and told her to get back to her desk, where she belonged. Of course he was ashamed of himself ten seconds after, but he defended himself with some half-muttered generalization about women being all alike, the hideousness of which he would have perceived in an instant had he been in his right mind.

So the little world which had been to him but a few days before all *colour de rose* was now transformed into darkness and ugliness. Things went on from bad to worse until

Malcolm decided to leave the neighborhood. So he gave up his school and packed up his little share of this world's goods preparatory to a departure. He had to walk to Glasgow to take the stage-coach and must pass the school-house on the way. As he came up the road he paused before the well-known front. An irresistible impulse seized him; it may have been force of habit, it may have been a desire to cast one long, lingering look at the place where so many days of happy work had been spent.

At all events he went up to the door and opened it. Some one was bent over his desk. Thinking it was one of his sentimental little scholars who was sorry to have him leave and had come there to weep a few tears, he walked quietly forward intending to comfort her. But he had attracted her notice and she raised her tear-stained face. It was Jean. Half apologetically, half defiantly, she said: "I thought you had gone."

"The wish was father to the thought, I presume," was the chilling response, but notwithstanding its coldness it had a broken note in it somewhere.

He had turned to go. A plaintive voice called "Malcolm."

"Well, what?"

"It's down again," with a burst of tears.

This remark might apply to almost anything, and 'twas no wonder that it mystified Malcolm. "What's down again?"

The girl again burst into tears, a final appeal which Malcolm couldn't resist. He strode forward and took her in his arms.

"What's the matter, dearest? tell me all about it."

"Oh, Malcolm, it's the monument, and I don't know what to do. And Aunt Barbara says it's all along of my doings."

"What have you been doing?"

"Why—why," and a fresh burst of tears, "why—" followed by another shower, "Because I want—because I wanted—to—marry you."

"I don't see what that's got to do with the monument."

"Aunt Barbara says it's making father turn over in his grave, for he never did like you—he didn't know you I guess; and I can't do without you, and everything's going wrong."

Malcolm thought for awhile in silence; indeed, he hadn't the slightest desire to break up the delightful *tête-à-tête*.

"You poor, silly child, why didn't you tell me this before," he said at last. "It isn't on account of you that the monument fell, but because it's on spouty ground, on which nothing in the world will stand."

Aunt Barbara wasn't so easily persuaded out of her superstition, but she finally yielded.

What follows anyone could guess, but as this is history perhaps I had better set it down in plain words. Sammy Forbes' last resting place was transferred to firmer ground, and a new monument was set up. Like the first it blazed with all the glories of an unfractured decalogue. Beneath it the old gentleman still sleeps undisturbed by mundane affairs. Of course Jeanette Forbes is Mrs. Johnson now, and, with a strange inconsistency, has named her first-born son Samuel Malcolm Johnson.

John Keats.

IF SIMILARITY of age forms any bond of sympathy, there is no British poet who should appeal to us more strongly than John Keats. Other immortal bards we know as living in the guise of ripe—perhaps hoary-haired—manhood, but he still lives in the warmth and passion of young life; for he excelled the Spanish explorers and gained the fountain of

perpetual youth though by an untimely death. And when at nightfall we look back through the long vista of the ages and call up the faces of our favorite authors—for who does not sometimes let the fancy roam and picture to himself the old and reverent Chaucer, blind Milton, the kindly features of Scott, and many others whom we all admire and respect?—when the youthful form of Keats arises in the long procession and his deep, thoughtful eyes beam upon us from a manly and expressive face, we are conscious that within us springs a warmer feeling. He seems more like one of our companions, and when at last we must bid farewell to our guests, we turn away with the words of one who has perhaps figured among them :

“The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.”

Short as was Keats' life, and unfortunate as were the circumstances under which he labored, his soul was so filled with the spirit of poetry and his whole being so intent upon the one purpose of his life that the five or six years at most during which he worked have left an indelible impression upon English literature and created a new school of poetry.

The latter part of the eighteenth century witnessed a change in the spirit of our verse. The classical school had lost that depth of life that gives to literature its only enduring power, and mere form could not long survive. The mantle of the new inspiration fell first upon Burns and Cowper, but the movement assumed no definite form until the appearance of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, which mark the introduction of the philosophical and democratic spirit and the entire subordination of classical structure to depth of thought and naturalness of expression. “The Lay of the Last Minstrel” and its successors introduced the romantic and historical, and the dissolution of the old school

was completed by the appearance of "Childe Harold." But the fall of classicism left our poetry in a very chaotic condition, for the champions of romanticism had nothing to substitute. Each man was a law unto himself, and poetry had ceased to be an art.

All this Keats recognized as though by intuition. He appreciated the merits of his contemporaries much sooner than they obtained public recognition, but he understood also their defects. The old restrictions being removed, poetry needed building up again on higher and more artistic principles. This he determined to do, and this determination made him the founder of the Art School. For the performance of his life's work he was gifted with a powerful imagination, a delicate ear for harmony that seldom or never failed him, an exquisite sense of the beautiful, and a love for his work that made it a passion necessary for his very existence. Poetry was the essence of his life.

We cannot here speak at length of his works; of *Endymion*, with all its faults and merits, its fanciful exuberance and obscurity, its wealth and imagination and rich picturesqueness; nor of that highest modern exponent of Greek art, the *Miltonic Hyperion*, of which it has been said that the "firm, massive, stately, yet musical swell of the diction proves itself equal to the older gods;" nor of the inimitable "Ode to the Nightingale," nor the "Ode to the Grecian Urn," nor the sonnets of which Keats was deservedly considered a master. It is enough to say that his art reached the highest perfection in "Isabella" and the "Eve of St. Agnes." The faults of *Endymion* are no longer seen. These are the works of a true artist who, aided by a more thorough understanding of the technique of English verse than any of his predecessors, blended so skillfully pathetic tenderness, purity and loftiness of thought, felicity of expression and suggestions of the highest and most ideal beauties of poetry, that we cry out with him,

"Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,"

and are not surprised when an enraptured critic says, "The Eve of St. Agnes' is the most artistic, most exquisite, most perfect poem in the world." Keats had his faults, obvious enough they may be, but in this poem he certainly reached a degree of perfection seldom attained by any poet. How could words give a more vivid impression of the bitter cold of a winter's night than that opening stanza where the old Beadsman, with numb fingers, told his rosary as he passed solemnly through the deserted chapel to his harsh penance? Or where can we find a more beautiful description than the following?

"Full on the casement shone the country moon,
And threw warm gules on Magdalines fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boom;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint;
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphys grew faint
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."

To read this poem once and not a second time is simply an impossibility.

We have said that Keats left an indelible impression upon English poetry and the author of so fine a production as that of which we have just spoken could hardly do otherwise, but, although all of our poets are undoubtedly instructed in art by him, the degree and influence of his instruction greatly varies, dividing English poetry into three schools represented by Robert Browning, Swinburne and Tennyson. Upon the first the effect of Keats is comparatively slight, in the second, the principles of the Art School are pushed to an extreme from which its founder would have recoiled, but in the last we find the result of his influence in its best form. Tennyson early appreciated the genius of his young predecessor and cultivated in himself the same ardent and versatile imagination, the same calm

intensity, the same soft voluptuousness of style and affluence of diction. Indeed he freely recognizes his literary ancestor and instructor in the art of versification. If Wordsworth is his philosopher, Keats is his rhetorician, and could Dryden live to-day he might apply to these illustrious bards his famous lines :

"The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third she joined the former two."

Whether this school is to continue or, as certain people of New England seem to think, is to be succeeded by the school of which Robert Browning is the master, and Byron and Shelley, to some degree, the guiding spirits, it is, perhaps, unprofitable to predict, but it is certain that if those critics are right who assert that the genius of Keats and Tennyson has raised this form of art to the highest perfection of which it is capable, it must soon be succeeded by a new development. The general admission that this is at least not improbable proves how much Keats has done for us in making possible a high and distinctive type of poetry, reviving more natural feelings, and revealing the wealth that lay in the dictionary ready to fill us all with delight and wonder. Words never before seemed so musical or capable of presenting such rich and varied hues, and if sometimes this lover of art was too lavish of his wealth, we must remember that he was without the experience and moderation that come only with years. As we conclude this short study and turn once more to our more prosaic duties, we can only say of Keats as he said of the Nightingale :

"Adieu ! Adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, o' the still stream,
Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades ;
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music—do I wake or sleep ?"

Voices.

Popular Literature in College Reading.

MUCH of a student's time at college is practically at his own disposal, and upon the use he makes of these leisure hours depends, in a large sense, his personal habits and ultimate character. Tastes and passions are being formed, and associations established, which leave an indelible impress upon his whole life. It becomes, then, a problem of no mean importance as to how we can direct our thoughts in these spare moments, so that they may become fraught with the greatest good.

One of the most important factors entering into the solution of this question is the subject of reading. Indeed, for that matter, what is a large part of our curriculum work but a careful perusal of those books which represent the best accumulated thought in the various channels of learning? But it is not necessary to portray the advantages resulting from the faithful study of the text-book. Sad experience has made them patent to almost every one at some period of his course.

We would like to call attention to the importance of outside reading, with especial reference to the current news of the day, since there is such a lamentable state of ignorance on the part of many college men in this direction.

Self-interest alone should be a sufficient incentive to activity along this line of work. For however short and unimportant the four years of college-life may appear to the undergraduate, they nevertheless succeed in giving him a prominent position before the eyes of the world. But this very preëminence brings with it certain responsibilities, upon whose correct fulfillment his future success largely depends.

Now, in view of these facts, and in view of the field covered by our popular literature, it is safe to say that no man can afford to neglect these opportunities.

Take, for example, the character of our magazines. To-day they fill a large niche in our popular educational system, touching upon philosophy, fiction, history, and upon almost every branch of science. Certainly, if we would keep pace with the rapid advance of the best thought in our age, we must not slight the periodical.

But the daily paper is of even more importance. Here we are brought face to face with living issues. The great social and political questions, in which we must all soon take an active and a personal interest, are here clearly set before us.

It is not to be denied that the newspaper often contains a large amount of baser metal mixed with the pure gold. The sensational element, in some form or other, is bound to creep in; but "let the student shun the everlasting spawn of the press on the gossip and garbage of the hour," as Emerson says, and this strongest objection against popular reading will be done away with.

In conclusion, let it be said that the literature of to-day should never usurp the just claims which standard authors of the past make upon our time.

Both have their separate advantages and their separate mission to fulfill; it is only by a perfect and harmonious adjustment of the two that we can hope to develop a truly symmetrical rounded education.

And so, while we are rendering "unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," let us give to our periodical and popular literature its just and lawful dues.

B. H.

Electric Lighting.

THE question of lighting college and campus by electricity is not a new one. As regards its desirability, little need be said after such a night as that of February 18th, when, during a heavy thunderstorm, not only were the campus lights extinguished, but the supply of gas to certain of the halls utterly failed. Further, when one thinks of the cool, quiet, friendly,

inoffensive little glass globe over his table in place of the heat and fumes of either gas or kerosene, doing away with headaches and ruined eyesight, electric lighting seems a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But what would it cost? This question has not been much discussed owing to difficulty in getting at reliable estimates. In the opinion of an authority, the following will serve as a very rough estimate of the probable expense:

The lighting of the campus only, as a Senior Class memorial, is impracticable for several reasons. All the necessary materials are very high at present. Twelve arc lights would cost \$40 apiece. An \$800 dynamo, and an engine costing more than \$500 would be required; while boiler, wire, and so on, would make a total of over \$2,500. Secondly, it would depreciate the value of the gas system now controlled by the college without making any return.

The only plan that is likely to meet with the approval of all parties concerned is to make the plant large enough to replace the gas altogether, and to light the entire college. The project is a weighty one, even for all four classes united; and even then, without outside help, would impose upon them a burden as heavy as the one already mentioned would be upon the Senior Class.

The items of the necessary plant would be approximately as follows: To give two lights to each room and to light the halls, exclusive of the School of Science, would require about 1,350 lamps, at \$1.00 apiece. A 200 horse-power engine and three dynamos would be necessary to operate them successfully; the former costing \$5,000 and the latter \$2,500. It might be practicable to use the boilers employed in heating the public rooms. There are four of these of 50 horse-power each, of which two, and possibly three, could at night be used for lighting purposes, thus removing one item. Adding \$500 for conductors and insulators, and a margin for incidentals, brings the whole cost up to \$10,000.

These figures, rough as they are, are rather startling; and if they do not overthrow the plan, they show conclusively that it is not one to be lightly approached. But if the whole college

were to set about it in earnest, it is possible that some outside assistance would be forthcoming. Certainly, if the system of electric lighting can be established, it will be a source of more pride to the classes taking part than anything they could do individually, in Senior year or as alumni.

E. M. H.

American College Glee.

COLLEGE song, as we have it to-day, is of a comparatively recent growth. Formerly only the chosen few could warble the college glees, and glee clubs, such as are at present our pride and pleasure, were unknown. Now, however, all has been changed. Music is no longer regarded by a college man as a mere accomplishment; it has become a part of a liberal education. To so great an extent has this idea been carried out that in our larger colleges musical instruction, if not directly connected with the college, can be had with slight trouble. But not only in quantity has this growth been manifest, but quality and excellence are now chief factors in the selection of a glee club's "*repertoire*." As a result, whenever a glee club concert is advertised, crowds will assemble, not only on account of love for their alma mater and a desire to bring up fond memories of the past, but to enjoy themselves by listening to good music.

Each of the principal colleges, Harvard, Yale and Princeton, has come to have its own songs, which indicate the habits and social customs of that college. They also serve to show the spirit and feeling prevalent at the time when they were written. What Princeton alumnus can hear those inspiring words—

"In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Her sons will give while they shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau,"

without feeling drawn to the source whence they emanated? What a picture they bring up, or how much patriotism they

excite, we would not dare to estimate. As an example of another sort, we need but recall those ludicrous and yet true words of the song entitled "New Jersee." That feeling of brotherhood and class spirit permeates the whole of the familiar "Triangle Song," and we all

"Sing it with a hearty will and voices full of cheer,
As we go marching through Princeton."

Is it not a portrayal of many an undergraduate prank? Many a time—

"Arm in arm together, boys, we've wandered through the night,
Steps and songs in unison, and every heart was light,
Ready for a serenade, a horn-spree or a fight,
As we were marching through Princeton."

"Bohunkus" as sung by our glee club has a delicious bit of wickedness about it that is always popular, and never fails "to take."

Harvard has a song very similar to our "Old Nassau." It is called "Fair Harvard," and is but an expression of the deep affection of Harvard sons for their alma mater. The first verse runs as follows:

"Fair Harvard, thy sons to thy jubilee throng,
And with blessings surrender thee o'er,
By these festival rites, from the age that is past
To the age that is waiting before," &c.

The familiar

"We want a drink. Lemonade? No! No!
Shandy Gaff? No! No! Champagne? Yes! Yes!" &c.

can scarcely be called local in its application or thought.

The Harvard song-book contains several beautiful serenades, while athletics is not forgotten, as the "Captain of our Crew" and other selections will testify.

Yale is especially rich in glees and songs, and has always held a prominent place in college music. The first selection in

her "Yale Song," "Eli Yale," gives a brief but a true account of a college career. The freshman is made pale by the thought of examinations. In Sophomore year "his task is best performed by torch and mask," while in Junior year he takes his ease, but is busied in Senior year in playing his part in making love. One of the most spiriting and inspiring selections is the well known and often sung, "Come rally to-night, my boys, sing of old Yale." In this we can clearly see college patriotism. It is unnecessary to say that it is a favorite alike of the graduate and the undergraduate. The "Matin Bell" is very similar to this in the beauty of thought and expression. But perhaps the song which best illustrates life and customs at Yale is the familiar "'Neath the Elms." One can almost imagine himself under the elms, and we fancy we hear "the happy voices flow in the elm tree's murmur low." For sentiment and love, "Over the Bannister" well portrays the situation when

"There's a question asked, a swift caress,
She has fled like a bird from the stairway,
But over the banister comes a yes,
That brightens the world for him alway."

Such are some of our college songs which show to us certain of the social and the pleasant aspects of college life. It is unnecessary to give more examples, as the above are fair specimens with which we are all familiar. But there is one thought which must strike us, and that is the fewness—we will not say inferiority—of Princeton's productions. While we cannot help deploring this fact, we do think that there are bards and musicians enough among us to compose songs worthy to be enrolled in the "Carmina," which we are glad to see has been promised to us this year.

W. H. F.

Two Noted Alumni.

PERHAPS one of the surest signs of a literary revival in Princeton is the attention that is being paid to those of our alumni who have distinguished themselves in the world of letters. We cannot boast, it is true, of such lofty names as

Harvard and Yale, or even Bowdoin where Hawthorne and Longfellow were classmates, but there are a few names even among us that have won honor for themselves and their college. Mention has been made recently of our two most distinguished authors, Leland and Boker, but there are others who ought not to be forgotten, names less distinguished, perhaps, but names that every Princeton man should know. And high among these stand the names of the Patterson brothers, "twin graduates" of the class of '35. In a preface to their volume of poems the survivor speaks of the "dual character" of their lives. They entered college together, were together as members of the Cliosophic Society, and after their graduation come together the poems which were given to the world twenty years after the death of one of the authors.

It cannot be said that this volume, "Poems by Twin Graduates of the College of New Jersey," is of the highest literary merit, although the writers seem to have a complete mastery of the language, for they compel it to do "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," as in such passages as—

Young life was in its springtime then,
And I like it was green,
Just f-i-f-t-e-e-n,
A stripling lank and lean.

Or,

A college then was but a school that taught youth a, b, c,
And nothing like as now a great big uni-versi-ty.

Or,

This is the thirty-first of May,
And I am sixty-four to-day,
And that is years, one, two, three, four,
Beyond the limit of three score.

Such eyrical feats are amusing enough and instructive as showing of what our language is capable, but after all they are of less interest to us than the poems on Princeton subjects. Of these there are quite a number, the best of which, perhaps, are Aaron Burr, a poem showing all a Clio's loyalty to the great founder of their society, an ode written for an alumni meeting in 1879, in which, after a vivid description of the old and new school "scrimmage," these lines occur:

"But when our President came here, they reconciled the schism,
And stood as first they had upon Westminster catechism.
The deacons and the elders gave a Presbyterian bawl,
And then, baptized in love and tears, arose Reunion Hall."

And a poem entitled "Princeton, 1832 to 1852," which is for tenderness and real feeling the best of the book.

In these and other poems we are introduced to the Princeton of half a century ago, with its old customs and traditions, now dead and forgotten. We hear of

———"The wooden fence that ran along the street,
Where in the summer evenings a lot of boys would meet
And ogle all the pretty girls that came along that way,
As they were pretty sure to do the close of every day."

We hear of the students cherishing such a hatred to Papistry that they used to fast six days in the week and feast on Friday, to show their contempt for its doctrines. We hear of the merry sleigh-rides, when—

"The whiskey punch flew strong and hot,
Round the old tavern where we waited,
And the result was that we got
Quite full of fun and animated.
And as we rode along that night,
I wound around her waist so slender
An arm that like myself was tight,
And like my feelings warm and tender."

A poem of more modern interest is that entitled "Princeton to Harvard." It was suggested by the Yale-Princeton foot-ball game in 1878, when Withington, '80, made his famous touch-down, winning the championship that Princeton kept so long. The writer observed at that game "decided symptoms of partiality among the wearers of the Red Ribbon for the success of Princeton," and, as a sort of thank-offering, wrote the poem.

It is a eulogy on Harvard as the mother of American colleges, beginning:

"Mater Clarissima, in robes
Of courtly red and green,
Of all your sister colleges
The high and honored queen."

Hear now, while in this running verse
The boys of Nassau Hall
Pay you the honor due to worth,
Good mother of us all."

The poet wishes that—

"When two thousand years begin,
May in your precincts dwell,
Two thousand nobby Harvard men,
And every man a swell."

Altogether this volume is of great interest, and one with which all of us should be familiar if we would show the respect due to our literary alumni.

T. P.

"New Halls."

IT IS one of the characteristics of human nature to look back upon the formative period of life with feelings of great interest, especially if subsequent success can be directly traced to these early influences. With such a spirit the alumni of Princeton tell us that their fondest recollections cluster around Whig and Clio Halls—where the elements of future greatness are in so many cases developed.

Now, if these institutions were only relics of the past, and of no practical utility to-day, the signs of slow physical dissolution which their walls are beginning to show, from year to year, would perhaps add to their pleasant memories, very much as we take delight in contemplating an old ruin. But they are not of a fossil nature. We believe they are even more potent factors to-day in a student's education than in the time of our fathers, and that we voice the sentiment of both undergraduates and alumni in expressing a wish that their present condition may be bettered.

Judging from external appearances, it is a question of only a short time when either the old buildings must be completely repaired or new ones constructed.

For these reasons would it not be a feasible and practical scheme to have the two halls joined directly to the New Art

School. We can see no serious objections to this plan, while the advantages resulting from the connection would be manifold.

In the first place, the expense—an important item in all such matters—would be materially lessened, for it never costs so much to make an addition to a building already under process of construction as to erect this same addition entire and separate by itself. Again, the general artistic effect of the whole structure ought to be highly enhanced, by thus giving the architect a wider scope for the display of his genius.

By arranging the two Halls—one on each side of the building, very much like the two wings of the Library—the secrets of the “sanctum sanctorum” could be practically as well preserved as at present, and moreover that clause in their charters which calls for an exact similarity in external appearance could be very nicely met.

If the Art School is to extend the friendly hand to Literature—as a recent writer in the *Litt.* would have us believe—she certainly could initiate this movement in no better way than by taking under her protection two such worthy votaries as Whig and Clio Halls.

B. H.

Social Status in German University Life.

IN THE department of “Criticism, Notes and Reviews” of the March number of the “*New Princeton Review*” there is an extremely interesting article entitled “The Reform of Student Life in Germany.” As we have been hearing lately a great deal about German universities, in one aspect or another, a brief discussion of student life “*per se*” may not be out of place. But an account of student life in general would necessarily be of such length that we will confine ourselves to one branch of it, viz., the idea of equality which pervades the whole university, as exemplified in a student’s studies and his “corps.” Before going further one remark must be made, and that is as to the entire and absolute freedom, and at the same time the direct personal responsibility, of the German student. Unless these principles are firmly fixed in our minds, the intense in-

dustry and the intense idleness will prove an enigma too deep for our solution. First, then, as to the equality in the lecture-room. In the eyes of the university every student has equal rights. The young *Graf*, whose position in life is assured, whose allowance is ample, has no more privileges than the son of the *bourgeois*; perhaps they may even sit side by side. The university court is no respecter of persons. The son of the humblest shopkeeper will get nothing more than justice, and the son of the count or baron nothing less. Such a principle, however, is familiar to us, who believe that "all men were created free and equal." But the equality in the "corps" is as interesting as it is unexpected. When a *Graf* comes to the university, knowing that his future is settled, he feels that he is not sent to study, but to while away his time. He does not care whether the *Pandects* were the work of Justinian or Julius Cæsar. He becomes reckless, and would degenerate into a bully but for one wholesome and needful check. He must fight. If he chooses to call any man a "*dummer kerl*," he and he alone must abide the consequences. He must either apologize and be disgraced, or fight, and not more than one "*mensur*" is needed to convince the nobleman that he is no match for his despised antagonist. The "corps" is the place where all meet on an equality. This is, of course, an argument in favor of the system, but the arguments against it are more numerous than those in its favor. The "Review," speaking on this subject, says: "To the *Fuchs*, fresh from the gymnasium, the members of these societies, surrounded by a halo of secrecy, with their color insignia and bravado, pass for the real and only genuine students; under pressure of solicitation he joins their ranks, ignorant of the binding nature of the entrance pledge, or that he must conform to a set of traditional ideas and practices, which may be wholly foreign to his previous tastes and training. He must carefully look after his dress, never carry a book through the streets, hold aloof from "second class" students, and, as for lecture-going and study, they are laughed at as "philistine exertion," for which, in fact, he has no time. The influence of these "corps," however, is beginning to wane, and a reaction has set in which bids fair to abolish the nefarious system.

W. H. F.

Editorials.

THE following gentlemen from the junior class have been elected to constitute the LIT. board for the ensuing year: Messrs. F. L. Drummond, Kemper Fullerton, B. V. D. Hedges, E. M. Hopkins, W. H. Johnson, T. M. Parrott. Alternates, W. H. Forsyth, J. R. Church. Although we regret exceedingly that with this number our editorial work on the LIT. closes—work of the highest profit, and enjoyed by us all—yet we willingly hand over the magazine to our competent successors, feeling that its interests will be carefully guarded and its prosperity continued.

WE TAKE pleasure in awarding the contribution prize to Mr. E. M. Hopkins, for his articles have been of a very high quality and the rigid conditions of this prize have all been met.

WE DESIRE to express our appreciation of the prompt and efficient services rendered us throughout the year by our publishers, Messrs. MacCrellish & Quigley, Trenton, N. J.

ALL SUBSCRIBERS who have not received the May and June numbers may secure them by making application at the Editorial Rooms, No. 1, N. R. H.

"Lit." Homes.

IF ONE thing more than any other has materially aided the retiring board in their editorial work this year, it has been the comfortable quarters in which the LIT. has been permitted to make its home. As we have met from time to time in those pleasant rooms, heated by steam, provided with comfortable chairs, around a table replete with the best periodical literature, a book-case on our right filled with the latest publications, our exchanges neatly filed on all sides, we have congratulated ourselves again and again and wondered how the LIT. endured such a bohemian life as it led until 1878. For prior to this it had no local habitation, but roamed over the campus from building to building, boarding around from month to month with its editor. Now and then the Philadelphian Society would invite it to sojourn awhile in its rooms. Seventy-eight's LIT. board secured permission from the faculty to use one of the rooms in Dickinson Hall, but this was never a congenial home, being a cheerless place and too closely connected with the class-room; especially was this found to be the case after the Literary Gossip was added in 1884. Eighty-four's board, willing to do anything to get the LIT. from under such influences, accepted a room in the damp, dark recesses of South-East. Here we were introduced to the LIT., and we immediately resolved, if possible, to remove the LIT. from this unhealthy abode and bring it out more prominently before the college. Through the assistance of the faculty and quite a considerable expense to ourselves, we have been enabled to secure our present commodious quarters. This we feel has been of great advantage to us, for besides its convenience for editorial work distinctively, it has afforded a place for the gathering of the board in a social capacity for the interchange of thought on literary questions, also affording a place where we might be at home to our contributors, and from which our light in the evening has smote the conscience of many derelict subscribers. If the plan we have in view is carried out by succeeding boards, in a few years the LIT. will have a sanctum complete in all appointments and appurtenances for literary work.

Essay Criticisms.

EVERY inexperienced writer feels the necessity for frank, judicious criticism. The few words of approval or disapproval hurriedly written upon the required essays are not sufficient for our needs; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that the lack of earnest effort on the part of many writers, and more especially the large number of essays to be examined, preclude anything more elaborate. The question arises, is there no way for those who truly desire improvement in literary composition to obtain the much needed advice and counsel? We answer, yes; at Harvard the following plan is in operation: An optional class is formed, each member of which is required to read his production in the presence of the others. The professor then briefly points out the merits and defects. Such a plan would stimulate the writer to greater efforts, impress defects indelibly upon the memory, improve the critical powers, and, in a variety of other ways, be of great benefit. Could not such a class be formed here?

Résumé.

WHEN we assumed control of the LIT. a year ago we laid down no peculiar or original policy which we proposed to carry out. Our idea was not, to make radical changes, introduce new departments, but rather to carry one degree further toward perfection that idea germane in previous volumes, formulated as a policy by eighty-five's board, advanced by eighty-six's, namely, "To make the LIT. not only a training school for those who write, but also a source of some pleasure to those who read." And we believed that it was possible to accomplish this without any deterioration in literary merit. For this reason we have preferred the short, racy essay on a timely subject, showing originality in analysis and thought, to one verbose and ponderous on such a subject as the "Superiority of Mind," which we find discussed to some length in the issue of Novem-

ber, 1852, or one on "The Sanctity of the Grave," which appeared in March, 1854.

It has been our endeavor to allow neither fiction, essay or poetry to predominate, and we think we have, in a measure, succeeded, for the branches of the literary department prove to be more equally balanced in volume forty-two than ever before. We have raised the number of essays from fifteen to twenty, reduced the poems from thirty-five to twenty-four, and our stories and sketches number twenty. As our Voice department throughout the year has met with the approval of the college mind, we judge we have at last succeeded in finding the true sphere of the LIT. Voice. The Book department, placed upon a firm footing by the board of '86, has been enabled, through the kindness of the publishers, to review about one hundred and eighty volumes of the most standard works published during the year.

The issuing of a Christmas number was distinctively a new feature in the history of the LIT., and the commendatory notices that greeted it leads us to believe that it was a happy stroke of journalism.

The slight changes made in our prize systems have worked admirably, especially those relative to the contributors' prize. The work done by contributors has been quite satisfactory. Most of it has been of a high quality, and, with the exception of two numbers, it has been steady.

That we have made some progress toward the realization of our idea of what the LIT. should be, a distinctively literary magazine, which should prove interesting to student and public alike, is attested by the increased interest taken in the LIT. by the college, the notices from our esteemed exchanges, and the extracts taken by *The Critic*.

The LIT. is no longer as once it was, purely the product of the board of editors or of the Senior class, but of the whole college, as it should be. We would express our thanks to the college and the faculty for this increased support, and ask for future boards this same generous sympathy, that this exceptional prosperity may continue to attend this time-honored magazine.

Naturalness.

IT SEEMS paradoxical to say that it is not natural to be natural. Yet it cannot be denied that a college man has to struggle vigorously with himself in order to overcome a tendency in the direction of unnaturalness. Having the great masters constantly held up for our admiration is apt to beget within us a spirit of almost servile imitation. Mr. Robert Ingersoll once said that college was a place where they "polished pebbles and dulled diamonds." Now, while we do not believe that college training ever injures a great genius, we have no doubt that many a man with only a moderate degree of originality has lost it in his efforts to imitate the men whom he admires.

The tendency to artificiality is probably more plainly marked in literature and oratory than elsewhere. Although the young aspirant for literary honors is faithfully warned that the attempt to treat a subject beyond his grasp invariably leads to the formation of a stilted, affected style, he will often persist in writing on "Truth," or "Shakespeare." We are forced to disagree, in this connection, with the poet who says:

"He aims too low who aims beneath the stars."

If a man wishes to attain proficiency as a marksman he must begin by practicing on something nearer home. Let us frankly admit that our shooting is not very apt to be effective if we aim at an object thirty millions of millions of kilometres away, which is our distance from the nearest star—and also from such a genius as Shakespeare. We are glad to see that subjects of this kind are being selected less and less by college writers. Bright, breezy articles on modern topics are rapidly superseding the long dry-as-dust compilations which once filled our magazines.

The tendency to affectation is not confined to essays. The composition and delivery of orations furnishes another example. Why is it that men who, in private conversation, talk and gesticulate in the most agreeable fashion, often become absolute bores when they stand upon the rostrum? The reason must lie partly in the selection of a subject in which they have not the slightest

interest, and partly because they are endeavoring to be "oratorical." Let us take the advice of Colonel Higgenson, in the November *Harper's*, and drop the old, pompous, stilted style for one that is more conversational and natural.

Pages from "Lit." History.

THE LIT. is an organism. It is no difficult task to show that the policy of the last board is the resultant of those of previous boards; that each new department is merely the outgrowth or branch of another, and that all can be traced to that first issue of February, 1842, containing thirty or forty pages in the literary department, closing with a brief gossip editorial. The editorial committee of this volume was Benjamin T. Phillips, Thomas U. Cattell, Samuel Motter. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., Princeton's greatest divine, handed in the first MSS., and our most distinguished *littérateurs*, George H. Boker and Charles G. Leland, contributed to this number. Leland continued to contribute frequently under the title of *Carlo's* in 1843, and Dr. Cuyler's *nom de plume* frequently appears in this number. The title of some of Leland's contributions to these early volumes are as follows: "Earliest English Poets," "Trouvus and Troubadours," "Goethe." Essays from Dr. Cuyler's pen appear in almost every number. "An Hour's Talk About History," "Brother Jonathan in England," "Tomb of Napoleon," "Charles Dickens," are among his contributions. And during this period, prior to 1847, when it was known as the *Nassau Monthly*, we find the name of the late Senator Hill, of Georgia, among its editors. In 1847 the name was changed to NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

No marked changes are now found in the life of the LIT. until 1853, when news items are first admitted, which we shall see later led to the founding of the department known as Olla-Podrida. The wood-cut of Nassau Hall, and the Latin motto, "*Legere et non scribere est dormire*," which had previously adorned the cover, was superseded by the Hall, the Muses, and the Greek

motto, which, according to Prof. Gildersleeve, is "an adaptation of the famous fragment of Pindar, 182 (213), found in Plutarch's life of Lycurgus." The original is a grand characteristic of the Spartan commonwealth, and recorded in Boeckh's emended text. ἔνθα βουλὰ: αὐτὸν γερόντων καὶ, νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀριστεύουσιν αἰχμαὶ καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῦσα καὶ Ἀγλαΐαι αἰχμαὶ: did not answer for a college in those days, and so they substituted ἀμιλλα: (contests), and accented many of the words in a most independent manner. Near the close of this year interest in the LIT. began to wane, and its history for the next ten years is by no means a pleasant one to peruse, as its fortune is ever changing. In 1864, owing to the publication of a sentiment obnoxious to the faculty, the LIT. was suppressed, but it is a significant fact that all record of this action is expunged from the faculty minutes. The class of 1867 reestablished it, and introduced the custom of having the faculty contribute articles, a custom we find continuing down to 1877.

To Vol. XXVI, of which Prof. Thomas D. Supplée was an editor, Dr. McCosh contributed an article on "The Needs of Upper Schools in America," and Dr. Moffat one on "Chinese Literature."

In the volume under the care of seventy-seven's board, of which Prof. A. T. Osmond was a member, we find articles by Dr. John Hall and Prof. Cameron. The *Harvard Monthly* and *Amherst Lit.* still continue this system. The *Lit.* has outgrown it and is now the product of the undergraduate effort alone. The board of sixty-seven introduced a new department called "Olla-Podrida." Under this head, in 1870, we find everything not fitted for the literary department, editorials running along in a gossipy, sentimental style, base-ball scores, notes from other colleges and any item of news such as would now be found in the "Here and There" column or "Alumni Notes" of the *Princetonian*. This singular department contains the gems of all departments added subsequently.

Volume XXVII had, as one of its editors, Prof. B. B. Warfield, and contained a department of "Science and Art," but it had only an ephemeral existence. The voices take a different form and are introduced under a distinct department in Vol.

XXVIII, which contains a prize essay by Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke.

The board of seventy-three, of which Dr. S. J. McPherson was a member, changed the phase of the editorials, introducing an Editorial department.

Seventy-nine introduced the "College Gossip," and "Olla-Podrida" partakes more of the nature of the present "Calendar," but still contains complete scores of our athletic contests.

The board of eighty-three begins to doubt the usefulness of the "Olla-Podrida," and eighty-four's eliminates it, and the "College Gossip" completely substituting the "Editors Table," "Literary Gossip" and "Calendar." These lines of growth, so marked in the development of departments, are also seen in the various changes in the constitution of the board of editors and the mode of their selection, as well as to the introduction of fiction, and the gravitating away from those essays which a critic has styled "heavy enough to sink any magazine."

At first the LIT. was a quarterly and had four editors, elected by the class, and each editor took complete control of one number. This was the mode of editing until its re-establishment in 1867, when eight editors were elected by the class, and each issue was under the care of two editors.

Prof. West was a member of the board of seventy-four and this year the question of making the LIT. a monthly comes up. This is accomplished in 1875, and during the next year the whole staff take control of each number. In seventy-seven we find it again a monthly, and it was not till the board of seventy-nine assumed control that we find the LIT. a firm monthly magazine. Now the LIT. awakens to the disadvantage of having its editors chosen by a class election and the competitive system, with election by the outgoing board is advocated and finally adopted in eighteen-eighty.

The LIT. has always been most liberal with prizes; in fact, we know of no other college magazine that will compare with us in that respect. We find prizes to the amount of \$80 offered for essays in Vols. XXVI-VII, and the board of eighty-one, which has on its roll of editors the name of Rev. Richard D. Harlan, gave prizes for five essays, but as the editors then expressed it, "one of these essay contests will be a story contest," and this is

the first indication that fiction would ever be allowed in the LIT., but once introduced no succeeding board has ever questioned the judgment prompting its introduction. Eighty-three founded the contribution prize. Eighty-six added the poetry prize, and made the editors ineligible as contestants for all prizes excepting the story prize. We have carried the principle one step further and have not permitted them to enter any of the contests. Thus in its entire life a development is manifest.

Literary Gossip.

Mad March, with the wind in his wings wide-spread,
 Leaps forth as laughter on lips that said
 Hails re-risen from the dead
 Mad March.

Soft small flames on rowan and larch
 Break forth as laughter on lips that said
 Naught till the pulse in them beat love's march.

But the heart-beat now in the lips rose-red
 Speaks life to the world, and the winds that parch
 Bring April forth as a bride to wed
 Mad March.

—Swinburne.

NESTLE once more, my gentle friends, this blustering March night around my dear old fire-place, from whose crackling and mouldering moods we have gathered so many pleasant, and sometimes sad, reflections during the year. These mad equinoctial winds which blow when winter is in the birth-throes of the spring make the fire blaze with a ruddier glow than usual, as it seems to say that your last recollections of these quiet chit-chats shall be the brightest.

I am going to talk with you for a little about farewells. To begin with, I don't believe in them, and, therefore, if you have prepared yourselves for a formal bow and a stilted good-bye, you will be disappointed. Farewells are too much like the curious, blood-curdling fancy of corpse inspection. Imagine yourselves in the place of the deceased as the clergyman leans graciously and solemnly over the pulpit and says: "If any of the friends wish to take a last look at the remains of our beloved brother, they may pass up this aisle and down on my left." Think of me, then, I pray you, as I have been in our woodland and fireside talks, and not as some stalking ghost whose earthly recognition in the flesh is

o'er. I desire to take my departure unobserved, not increasing the necessary pain by stopping to note and lament it. Both my fire and I wish to be remembered as you have seen us, heard us, and talked with us during this rapid but endearing year, not as the lifeless ashes of our former selves. We should rather be forgotten altogether. It is a sad thought, to be sure, that I must allow another to take my place, to chat, to scold, to laugh and cry with you just as I have done, until it has come to seem that the right is solely mine; but it is just because of this sadness that I dislike to dwell upon it. The *Lit.* will go on as ever—no, I trust better than ever—and the only desire I have is that in the hearth chamber of your hearts you will always keep a vacant chair for me.

It is natural, to-night, that I should want to say a word to you about the future. I wonder what that future will be. Saxe, in "A Reflective Retrospect," has, I think, told beforehand the story of some of our lives. I have quoted a part of this poem to you before, but it is all so ludicrous and realistic, that I want to give you another stanza to-night. I trust, however, that a kinder fate will befall us than came to those whom he here mentions:

"Alas for young ambition's vow!
How envious Fate may overthrow it!—
Poor H—v—y is in Congress now,
Who struggled long to be a poet;
S—m—h carves (quite well) memorial stones,
Who tried in vain to make the law go;
H—ll deals in hides; and 'Pious J—n—s'
Is dealing faro in Chicago."

I fancy very much the motto of the old German: "Keep true to the dreams of thy youth." You remember that last sweet sunset scene in "John Halifax," where, as John sits talking with his life-long friend, he quotes it and comments upon it by saying: "I have not been false to mine. I have had a happy life, thank God; ay, and what few men can say, it has been the very sort of happiness I myself would have chosen. I think most lives, if while faithfully doing our best, day by day, we were content to leave their thread in wiser hands than ours, would thus weave themselves out; until, looked back upon as a whole, they would seem as bright a web as mine." Whatever the "dreams of our youth" may be, our ambitions—outsiders call them air-castles, often, I am convinced, unwisely—I trust that we may be able, at the end, to appropriate to ourselves these words put into the mouth but coming from the heart of John Halifax.

Perhaps you would like to hear a little of the dreams of my own youth for the future. I will tell you. You will not think it conceit. I found an expression of Charles Dudley Warner's, the other day, in "Baddeck," which words a thought I have often had. After describing a conversation in which one imparted to another all the plans of his

heart, "his losses, his diseases, his table preferences, his disappointments in love or in politics, and his most secret hopes," he calls it not desire for notice or conceit, but says, very truly, it seems to me: "One sees everywhere this beautiful human trait, this craving for *sympathy*." It is on this account, and because it is a relief so to do, and because they become dearer to me through so doing, that I desire to tell you of my dreams for the future. Of the two kinds of lives, my inclination has always led me to the "quiet life." I belong to that class who, as Dick Steele has said with so much beauty and truth in his delightful essay on "Recollections of Childhood," "find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar." If you visit me in days to come, you will, the fates being propitious, find me in some secluded rural home. There shall be the small farm, where the live stock requires my superintendence at morning and night; where I can watch and cherish the growth of flowers day by day, under the expanding blue of the unselfish heavens. Near by there shall be a quiet grove of the "murmuring pines and the hemlocks," in the midst of which, and by the side of a merry brook, shall be built a rustic bower, to which I can repair in the heat of the day with my Emerson, Lamb, Thackeray and Shelley, interrupting her who reads to me ever and anon to listen to the chatter of the brook, or to sit by the hour in that communion in which no words are necessary. When winter comes I shall want no sweeter place than my carelessly artistic study, where, surrounded by my literary friends, I shall dream before my open fire-place of these chats of college days, which memory hallows and endears with each encroachment of old age. How well Pope told the story:

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

"Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in Summer yield him shade,
In Winter, fire.

"Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

"Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

Editor's Table.

Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

—*The Tempest.*

YES, "Our revels now are ended," and "revels" we have truly had, for often have we indulged in a lawless manner our time with the magazines and the college *Lits.* and periodicals when something, call it what you will, conscience, perhaps, whispered that curriculum work and other duties, which some tell us ought to be uppermost, were demanding our attention. But our accused conscience, accused only because we were not obeying what others told us was right, excused itself by our firm belief that it is not the chief nor the most pleasant end of college life to be wholly absorbed with the curriculum, and so, settling ourselves in our easy chair by the side of the table fraught and even groaning with its load of good things—of good literature, of course—we have truly reveled in the choice articles and news of our worthy contemporaries. We are now, however, though reluctantly, about to transfer these pleasures to others, and emerge from the disguise and protection of the editorial "We" and face the world as individuals. How short our editorial life has been! It was only yesterday, seemingly, when we were in ecstasy over our election to the board of our time-honored and dearly beloved magazine, and were first introduced to our numerous and now well-known fellow editors of the college press. But, however short and pleasant this relationship has been, it must, like everything else, end. We have often thought that intimate associations are sometimes injurious, for, had they never been formed, the pain of breaking the ties would not have to be endured. Nevertheless, the benefit and pleasant memories of our editorial relations can never be taken from us, and more than overbalance the inevitable separation. Our editorial life has been as bright as it has been short; bright, indeed, when compared with a boding and uncertain future. We have endeavored to "live peaceably with all men," and in our criticism have been actuated only by a spirit of the closest friendship. The past, then, has been bright and pleasant, and, be the future as it may, we congratulate ourselves not on the close of our journalistic life, though half the charm of a new

pursuit is in the novelty of it, and wears away with its age, but because we believe we have profited by the experience which ex-editors say attaches itself to the connection with a college magazine, and, though the world may say we have only been playing editor, and perhaps we have, we are content to be classified with those who have so played editor on the same NASSAU LIT. board, notably Leland and Boker and many others mentioned in the editorials of this number, that they are now editors and *litterateurs* in reality. Notice what an ex-editor of the *Harvard Advocate* says in regard to the advantages of being connected with that paper, and the same thing will hold for any other. He says: "The work for that paper was one of the most valuable things in my college course; but the association, the practical work, the experience of managing men and things, was worth more than any two courses, and was one of the elements which made a degree represent real mental growth."

Prominent among the *Lits.* for February is the *Dartmouth*. Here we find a very good article entitled "Memories of the Singing-School." It traces in a very pleasing manner the singing-school and choir in their different forms as they come down the ages, and gives evidence of wide research on the part of the writer. The essay in the same number bearing the title "Hymns of the Marshes," was evidently written by an almost passionate admirer of Sidney Lanier, and its writer gives strong grounds for his admiration. He points out the poetic and rhythmic qualities of Lanier's "Hymns of the Marshes," and very aptly illustrates his points by quotations. The essay is well written and interesting. "Locksley Hall Revisited" reviews some of Tennyson's ideas in his last poem and defends the poet against the somewhat unfavorable criticism he received on account of his pessimistic tendencies. The writer, on the contrary, goes on to show that the so-called pessimistic ideas are not so much so as some would have us believe, and farther, that the poet to some extent has the facts to substantiate such views and that the age justifies his pessimism, if such it may be called. On this point he says: "All the sanctuaries are defiled. We convert cathedrals into stables and rivers into sewers. Secularization is the note of our day. There are no sanctities; and it requires no sibyl to predict the day when maternity itself shall meet with no reverence, when the highest wisdom shall be crucified afresh." This is a pretty dark picture, perhaps too much so, as many have not yet lost all hope in the ways of the world, yet the writer has a good deal on his side of the argument and well substantiates his point. However else we may regard the poem, the writer says that "we cannot but feel that it is his final counsel to us, and the ultimate wisdom he has been able to gather out of the maze of life." The philosophic air of the title "The Rationality of Inclination" deters us not only from attempting a criticism, but even from reading the article. The number as a whole is a very good one.

* A peculiar characteristic of the *Hamilton Lit.* is the amount of space given to the "Editor's Table" and the subjects therein considered. In the February number this department covers about thirty-five pages, while the literary department is confined to fifteen pages. The subjects discussed in the Editor's Table range from "The case of Dr. McGlynn" to the Necrological Report. We are not informed whether *Hamilton* has a daily or even weekly news sheet or not, but if they have, it seems to us, that such material would more properly belong to it, and then the *Lit.* could take a more literary character, as its name implies. What there is of the literary department is very good indeed. "Saxon and Slav in Asia" is quite an interesting description of the characteristics of these people and an accurate history of their supposed birth-place and wanderings. The story, "Was it Ideal or Real," is very pleasing and well told. Though of a sentimental character, the writer prevents it from developing into a sentimentality of a lower nature, as too many such stories do. Particularly is the first part unique. Speaking of the characters, the writer says, "They were both in love; there was no doubt about it, for both acknowledged it," but after awhile he tells us "that they just loved art, that was all." This is quite an artistic surprise, as the reader very naturally supposed that each one was the object of the other's love. From this time the story runs on very smoothly, and as we anticipate, the art lovers turn out finally to be in love with each other. If the *Lit.* would devote more space to such articles as the above it would do well.

The last number of *The Phillips Exeter Literary Monthly* is an excellent one. The success of this magazine is noteworthy and the board is to be congratulated.

Although we noticed to some extent the *Williams Lit.* in our last issue, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the article in the March number entitled "Mrs. Bee, a Farce in One Act." The article shows great merit.

To attempt to mention all our exchanges one by one during the year would be impossible, since space is limited and attendance on recitations and lectures required. In addition to those we have critically noticed from time to time, many others have come to our sanctum regularly, and have had a welcome reception. The *Harvard Advocate*, the *Yale Record*, the *Columbia Spectator*, *Amherst Student*, *Swathmore Phoenix*, the *Yale News*, the *Crimson*, the *Southern Collegian*, the *Virginia University Magazine*, the *Blair Hall Magazine*, the *Trinity Tablet*, the *Dartmouth*, the *Brunonian*, the *Lasell Leaves*, *Queen's College Journal*, and many others too numerous to mention, have each given us news and literature according to their sphere, and have each served its province faithfully and creditably. And while we would be glad to notice each one individually in this our last stretch, we must content ourselves with a general congratulation and a universal farewell.

We must mention in particular, however, our college contemporary, *The Princetonian*. The success of *The Princetonian* in its second year as a tri-weekly is indeed gratifying, and proves conclusively that the college can be much better served by it in its province as a *news* paper than in its preceding weekly form as a semi-literary sheet. Of the advance made in the department of collegiate and inter-collegiate news during the last two years *The Princetonian* deserves a goodly share. But we must not linger longer, though our inclinations would have us do so, and now, as we bid adieu to all our contemporaries, and wish you each a grand future, we close our "year's cruise" on the journalistic ocean, after a safe and successful voyage, and enter the harbor and deposit on the shore for your perusal our volume among the forty-one that there lie.

Books.

REALISTIC PHILOSOPHY (two volumes). By James McCosh, D.D. LL.D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

This work is a collection of Dr. McCosh's Philosophic series, amended and connected so as to make a continuous set. The first volume is an exposition of the basis of Realistic Philosophy, opening with the general introduction, "What an American Philosophy should be." The topics treated are "Criteria of Diverse Kinds of Truth," "Energy, Efficient and Final Cause," "Development, What it can do and what it cannot do," and "Certitude, Providence and Prayer." The chapter on Development and Evolution is deserving of particular attention. It is of importance, first, to Dr. McCosh, as vindicating him in his views on those subjects, since they are often misconstrued and misquoted; and second, to every thoughtful man, so that he can establish himself on a firm position in regard to this perplexing question. On examination it will be seen that Dr. McCosh's position is not an extreme one on either side. If we judge rightly he believes in development, but *only* within species, and that there must be a creative power before there can be any evolution or development. Under this head he examines Spencer's theory of development, and after showing that there is a natural development in environment he says: "While development can do much, it may not be able to do everything. (1) It cannot give an account of the origination of things. (2) It does not originate the power which works in development. (3) Evolution itself cannot give us the beneficent laws and special ends we see in nature." The second volume is an historical and

critical sketch of Realistic Philosophy. It opens with a general introduction entitled "Realism, its Place in the Various Philosophies." Some of the subjects and philosophers examined are "Locke's Theory of Knowledge, with a notice of Berkeley," "Agnosticism of Hume, with a notice of the Scottish School and notes on J. S. Mill," "A Criticism of the Critical Philosophy and Herbert Spencer's Philosophy as culminated in his Ethics." One thing that can be said of the worth of this work, aside from its importance as a philosophic treatise, is that the style is so much more readable and the subjects of so much more general interest than most philosophic treatises, that it will be found as valuable to the general reader as to the seeker after theories. While the realistic basis of thinking as defended by Dr. McCosh still has many opponents, there is no doubt that it is gaining adherents every day and that it bids fair to become the distinctive American Philosophy.

THE SILENT WORKMAN. By Clinton Ross. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The inevitable punishment of sin is the moral of this interesting and well-told story. Its consequences are ever following the perpetrator. Though the idea is old, its treatment is fresh and unique.

ENGLISH PROSE AND PROSE WRITERS. By T. W. Hunt, Ph.D. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

The work before us is a "study of English prose in its representative *Historical Periods*, in its representative *Literary Forms*, and in some of its *Representative Authors*. That portion of our prose is especially discussed that dates its beginning from the reign of Elizabeth in the writings of Bacon and Hooker, and extends to the present decade in the pages of Carlyle," thus including Milton, Swift, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Burke, Lamb, Macaulay, De Quincey and Dickens. The one characteristic of Professor Hunt's works is their analytical clearness. In none is it seen more plainly than in his present volume. Not only is the style of the authors treated closely analyzed, but the analysis of the different parts and chapters of the book appear so evident under all the discussions as to be an incalculable assistance to the memory in the retention of the points. The table of contents, itself, gives one a deal of information in portable form. This volume will be found of great assistance in the study of English prose, both in the class-room and to the private critical student.

CIVITAS. By Walter L. Campbell. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Romance of Our Nation's Life" is here told in poetic form. The author gives evidence of an easy, flowing, poetic genius as to style, and a true poetic thought, though he claims that our present poetry must suit the age.

"A business age, on business ends intent,
Should have a song of quite a different bent;
Should keep their fancy's flights in reach of earth,
And find, in pennies earned, the test of worth."

The poem is a suggestive picture of the temptations and dangers of our government.

"Start as thou wilt, the end will be the same,
A monarch rules or anarchy's thy name,"

is the warning constantly given, but, after all, the Democracy comes off triumphant, and order rules.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS, PERSIA. By S. G. W. Benjamin. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The author of this historical sketch of Persia was lately United States Minister to Persia, and having lived there several years, as well as in various parts of the East, he is especially fitted for his undertaking. The volume gives "a narrative of the most noteworthy characters and events of that ancient Empire from its foundation in prehistoric times" and pays "more proportionate attention to the legendary period of her history" than former works on the subject, and also "to the great career of the House of Sassan, which, in the opinion of the author, has never received full justice from those Christian historians who have undertaken a connected history of Persia." Several illustrations add clearness to the history.

EVENTS AND EPOCHS IN RELIGIOUS HISTORY. By James Freeman Clarke (Boston: Tichnor & Company.)

The value of James Freeman Clarke's works on the history of the religions of the world, and particularly on the history of Christianity, is incalculable. "Ten Great Religions" and "Every Day Religion" are remarkable books, but the present volume is their equal in its sphere. "This book is composed of a course of lectures given by the author in the Lowell Institute, Boston, in January, 1880." The plan of the work is to give the history of certain periods by making the facts cluster around some biographical figure and showing "the influence exerted on the course of events by such characters as Anselm, Luther, Loyola and Wesley." "There is nothing more interesting," says the author, "to us than the religious experiences of the great souls who have helped to lead the human race up nearer to God." Among the subjects and personages most ably discussed are "The Catacombs," "The Christian Monk and Monastic Life," "Augustine, Anselm, Bernard and Their Times," "Jeanne D'Arc," "Luther and the Reformation," "The Huguenots," "John Wesley and His Times," &c. The work is an extraordinary one.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. Longfellow. Notes by S. A. Bent. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price 40 cents.)

The time for critical comment on "The Golden Legend" has passed. We would call attention to the notes of the present edition. "They are intended to offer the general reader sufficient explanation of whatever may be obscure in the allusions to a time but little understood; while they will enable the student to pursue his investigation into the details of mediæval life presented in literary, artistic and historical authorities within easy reach."

A TRAMP TRIP. By Lee Meriwether. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)

The first-class tourist may have an easier and more pleasant time than the one who goes on foot, but it would be impossible for the former to give as minute and detailed account of what he saw as the latter has given us in this volume. The first pays more and gets less than the second. The experiences of the footman, as they are here told, are, indeed, interesting, and make one feel like taking such a trip himself, yet we are afraid that it is nicer to read about them than to actually experience them. The matter of language seems to be of small moment, as our hero met with very few difficulties in this regard. The valuable information in regard to the conditions of the lower classes of Europe is an important feature of the work. The story is well told and especially interesting to students anticipating a European trip after their college course.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN AMERICA. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. (New York: Thomas S. Crowell & Co.)

Dr. Ely here presents to the public in collected form most of his writings on the labor questions. Much of the matter has previously appeared in the reviews and weeklies, but we here find it emended, revised and expanded. He has spared no pains in the arduous task of securing accurate and reliable information in regard to a movement which, though progressing in our midst, is shrouded in obscurity, and reports of which are most perverted. An accurate record of facts is here presented, compiled by the hand of one of the most prominent and fast rising political economists of the day. While the work is mainly presentative, and although the school-boy criticism is omitted, yet Dr. Ely has not shrunk from expressing his views in his own terse way relative to measures not in harmony with his own economic theories. The ice which separates the Professor from socialism has been declared by his fellow-members of this young school of political economists as very thin, but Dr. Ely assures them that it is perfectly safe. He follows in his views very closely the "socialism of the chair," so prevalent among the German economists. The work contains chapters on "Early American

Communism." Labor organizations are viewed educationally and economically with other phases of the question considered. Coöperation in America receives careful attention. Then follows a review of modern socialism in America, with a chapter on "Remedies," the whole volume closing with an appendix containing a valuable exposition of the platforms and principles of the various labor organizations in America. Such a work is of inestimable value at this time, and should be perused by all interested in this great economic subject.

TALKS ABOUT LAW. By E. P. Dole. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The ignorance of those outside of the legal profession, both laity and student, on law proceedings and law principles, gives a warrant to the province of this book. "The main object is to give the non-professional reader, in a simple way, some idea of what law is, and how it is administered, such general information upon this most interesting and important subject as all intelligent persons are expected to have in regard to other subjects. It is also hoped that it may be useful to law students as a prologue, and that it may be of interest to lawyers themselves." The author first discusses the source of our law, then gives a brief sketch of "courts" in general, followed by a short chapter on lawyers, in which is pointed out the difference between the English and American bar as to counsels and attorneys. Some other prominent chapters are: "Both Sides of the Jury Question," "The Divorce Question," "Employer and Employé," and "Land." These questions, together with many similar ones, are ably and practically discussed. The work is free from legal technicalities, except where they are absolutely necessary, and there they are briefly but accurately explained, so that the non-professional reader is not hampered with undue technical language, as is the case with most books bearing on law. In addition to this, the author's style is clear and interesting. The book is far above the ordinary.

A MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH-READY AND DEVIL'S FORD. By Bret Harte. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.)

One cannot help but grow deeply interested in Bret Harte's racy, vigorous, life-like tales of Western life. He opened a new vein, and he has worked it with immense success. His general style and method of treatment are too well known to need comment, and it is sufficient to say in regard to this particular book that the author fully sustains his previous reputation. The publishers present it in a neat and convenient form.

THE FAIR GOD OR THE LAST OF THE TZINS. By Lew Wallace. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.)

The value of historical novels in giving us vivid pictures of times and places with which otherwise we would find difficulty in becoming familiar

can hardly be overestimated. Mr. Wallace has here given us a most graphic picture of Mexico at the time of its conquest by Spain. Information in regard to the events is so interwoven with the exciting story that one absorbs a large number of facts almost unconsciously and without effort. The popularity of the work is evidenced by its having reached the thirty-third edition.

THE ROMANCE OF THE UNEXPECTED. By David Skaats Foster. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A collection of snatches of poetic effusion; some are truly poetic while others are not so good, but all are very readable.

[We desire to express our thanks to the publishers for the choice books they have kindly furnished us during the year.]

MAGAZINES.

Among the features which contribute to the individuality of the *March Century* is, first of all, a complete short story by Mr. Cable, entitled "Grand Pointe," being the second of his stories of the Acadian country of Louisiana. Perhaps the most popular and unique article is that on "Composite Photography," by Professor John T. Stoddard, of Smith College, accompanied by eight examples of this weirdly fascinating art; an article which is likely to direct into this channel some of the talent which is now occupied with amateur photography. The idea is new and therefore of interest to all. Mr. Stockton's "Hundredth Man" reaches its fifth part. Other prominent articles are "Recollections of Secretary Stanton" by Charles F. Benjamin, "The White Man of the New South" by Wilbur Fisk Tillet, "Faith Healing: Pro and Con," and many others of varied interest. The Lincoln history enters upon a new stage of the life of its subject, the first period of his intellectual development, including the first forty years of his life and ending with his term in Congress, now having been considered. The second period of about ten years, concluding with his speech-making in New York and New England, is now to be treated; and the particular topic for the present month is "The Movement for Slavery Extension," these pages being preliminary to the study of Lincoln's relation to the anti-slavery movement. Messrs. Hay and Nicolay date the slavery controversy as far back as the time of *The May Flower*, and follow it from then down to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The portraits of the number are of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, President Pierce, Cass, Houston, Atchinson, Dixon, Aiken, Richardson and Banks. A historical map of the United States in 1854 is also given, showing the various accessions of territory. A valuable "Open Letter" on "Lincoln's Ancestors in Virginia," with original documents, is contributed by John T. Harris, Jr., of Harrisonburg, Virginia. The number as a whole is an extraordinary one.

The New Princeton Review for March has, as usual, a fine array of articles. The first article is entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte," by Henry Taine. The characterization is most brilliant and original. Mr. E. L. Godkin deals with "Some Political and Social Aspects of the Tariff" with characteristic incisiveness and point, indicating the unsound premises and the unhealthy results of the American tariff system. "The Essentials of Eloquence" are possessed by few great preachers so completely as by the Rev. Dr. Wm. M. Taylor, who defines with masterly clearness its essential elements. On such a subject as the "Study of Politics" Mr. Woodrow Wilson writes with a masterly grasp of all the factors of public life and action; he emphasizes the necessity of studying politics, not as an abstract science, but as a vital human activity. W. P. Longfellow outlines "The Course of American Architecture." He notes the relation of its successive stages of evolution to native conditions and foreign influences, and criticises in passing its defects and extravagances. Mr. John Safford Fiske concludes his remarkably fresh criticism of "Victor Hugo" in a third article. The Homeric vigor and freedom of "George Meredith" have of late found large appreciation in England, and are beginning to command attention in this country. Flora L. Shaw has made a thorough study of this original and masculine writer. Strong local color and notable dramatic power characterize the Calabrian Sketch "Don Finimondone," contributed by E. Cavazza. Mr. Brander Matthews' trained hand and eye have made an extremely entertaining record of ocean travel in "Idle Notes of an Uneventful Voyage." The department of "Criticisms, Notes and Reviews" discusses at length themes as timely and as diverse as "The Land and Labor Party," Lord Tennyson's latest poems under the title of "Fruit from an Old Tree," and "The Half Century of Victoria's Reign."

"Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thomas Stevens, is among the prominent features of the March *Outing*. These articles by Mr. Stevens have been read with profound interest by all lovers of the sport, and all will be gratified to know that he, after successfully completing his famous journey around the world on a bicycle, has quietly settled down to his editorial duties as manager of the bicycling department of *Outing*. He has also become a shareholder and one of the directors of the Company. In this connection, it may be of interest to our readers to know that the whole of the capital stock of the *Outing* Company is owned by the editorial and business staff of the magazine—not a single share being held by any outsider or manufacturer of sporting goods. *Outing* is the only magazine, so far as we know, that is controlled in this manner; it is no wonder, therefore, that with none but working bees in its hive, the magazine should be making such advances in the popular favor.

